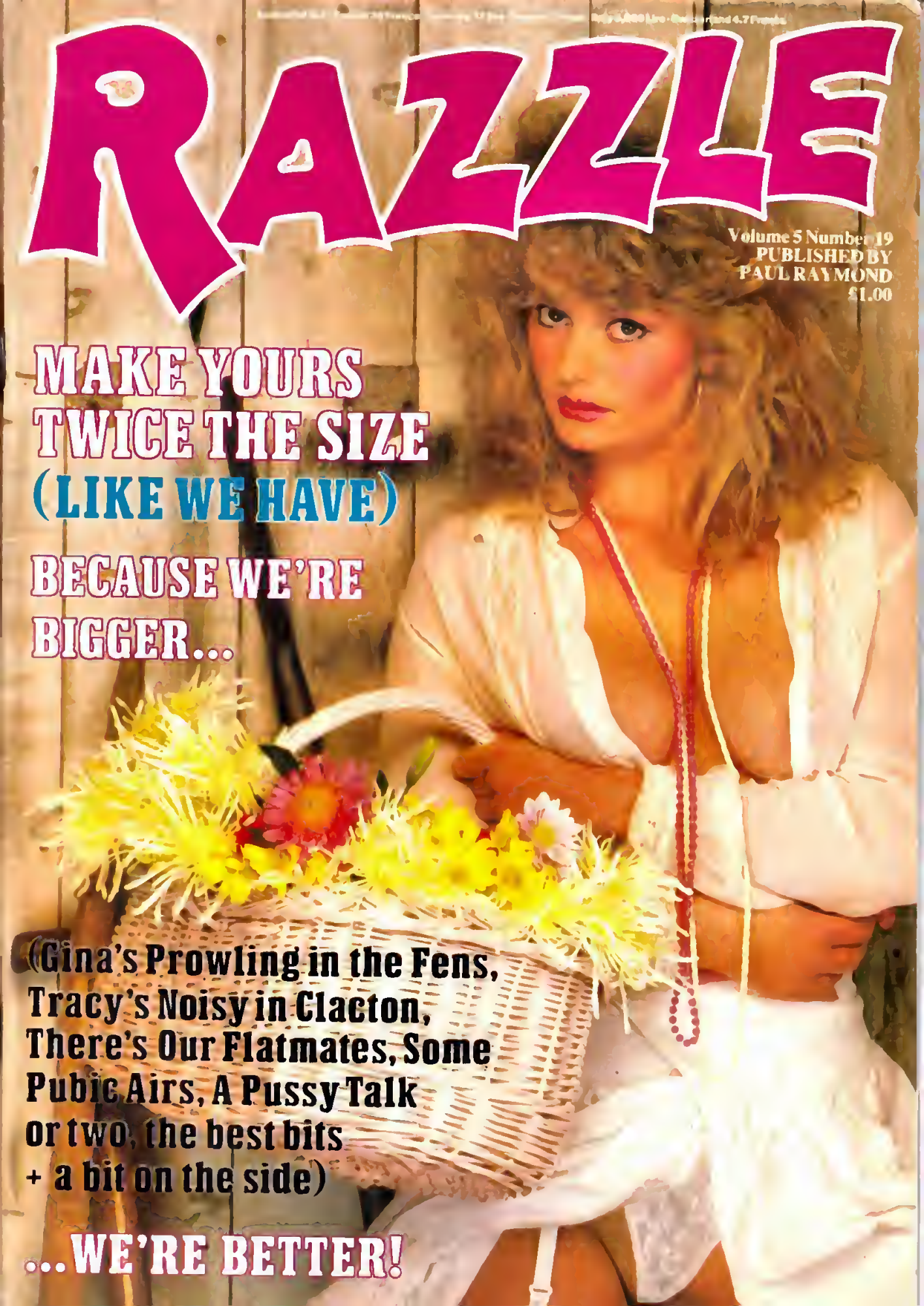
# RAZZLE

Volume 5 Number 19
PUBLISHED BY
PAUL RAYMOND
£1.00



MAKE YOURS TWICE THE SIZE (LIKE WE HAVE)

BECAUSE WE'RE BIGGER...

(Gina's Prowling in the Fens, Tracy's Noisy in Clacton, There's Our Flatmates, Some Pubic Airs, A Pussy Talk or two, the best bits + a bit on the side)

...WE'RE BETTER!

# FOREPLAY

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Publisher: Paul Ramond, Editor: Chris Lloyd, Assistant Editor: Jennie Craswell, Art Editor: Ian Midson, Assistant Art Editor: Simon Bere, Advertising Director: James McLeod, Classifieds: Angie Ellis, Circulation Director: Mike Stall, Legal Advisor: Carl Snitcher.

**There's an awful lot of sexy action goin' on out there — screwing, chewing, wooing, doing unto others etc — and we've got plenty of pages set aside for the purpose. Spill the beans to us here at Razzle, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. And if you send us a picture we can use there's a tenner in it for you too.**

### *Smooth Talkin'*

I was looking through Razzle recently and I came across some pictures of two naked girls covered in oil and wrestling each other. What a sight! Those two naked bodies glistening with oil and ooe of them — or perhaps both — showing off a glorious shaven fanny.

I was so engrossed in the pictures that I didn't notice my wife coming up to sit beside me. Before I realised, I heard her voice:

"So that's why you're so engrossed," she said. "It's them two birds with tbe shaveo pussies, isn't it?"

The next minute we were in bed and I was screwing her like billy-o! (*Any relation to Harry O? — Ed*).

Afterwards I said: "See how them shaven pussies get me all worked up. Let's have yours shaved, shall we?"

So there I was a few minutes later, lathering up her pubes as she lay back on the bed, then carefully shaving them all off to leave her smooth and hairless and ready for another screwing. My sex like has certainly improved since that day.

J.D., Aberdeen

*You're certainly within a whisker of the truth, J.D. — Ed.*

### *Brewing Up A Storm*

Some criticism first. (*Not again! — Ed*). Get rid of bloody Adam Brewer and that stupid Razz page — what a total waste of fucking space! You could be filling it with more photos and more readers' letters instead. Adam Brewer's stuff is just complete garbage — I buy the mag for readers' letters and pictures of naked women — not a load of fascist clap-trap.

(*We've changed the format in our new monthly edition — Ed*).

It's fuck all difference as I can see — it's still the same twat writing the same drivel.

Andrew, Tyneside

Adam Brewer replies: *Fuck off, Andrew!*

### *Geoff Bin In?*

I have just experieoced the most beautiful and exciting series of fucks I have ever had. It started last mooth when Geoff, my art tutor (a rather handsome man who I've secretly fancied for ages), requested me to stay behind after a sketching session.

To my surprise he came straight out and asked me if I would be willing to act as a nude model, at his house, for some drawings he would like to do for bis special collection. He thought I was a very good-looking girl with a beautiful figure (36-23-34), and he would be honoured to draw me in my natural state. Of course I jumped at the chance, flattered that he should pick me to draw, and turned on at the thought of letting him see me naked.

His flat was very elegant, with lots of large wall mirrors, and a large marble-topped table. I was wearing one of my sexy outfits: black bra, knickers, stockings, and sussies; and pure white blouse and skirt. I felt very attractive, and after a few stiff drinks Geoff suggested I removed my clothes.

As I slowly undid every button on my blouse his eyes followed every move. I could tell be was getting really turned on, especially when I unclipped my bra, revealing my pert 36-inch tits to him.

"If you could pose with your bottom to the front, and your head turned towards me," he suggested.

"Why not?" I said. "If you think my bum's good enough!" I let my skirt fall to the ground.

## Eclair De Loony

**Please, please, please let's see more black soles on your pages. I call black feet "eclairs" — like cream-stuffed sandwiches topped with chocolate. Yummy.**

**I flick through more than forty girlie mags a week in my search for black feet, but in five years I've only been satisfied a handful of times. Coloured people have got such sexy feet — so let's see more of them in Razzle. You can show white, brown, yellow — whatever kind of feet you can lay your hands on — but preferably eclairs!**

**Sam, London**

***These satisfy that yearning in your sole, Sam? — Ed.***

"Well, I'd better have a closer look," he answered in a gruff voice, and all of a sudden I found myself being pulled over his knee face down. As I pretended to struggle, he gazed at my knickered bum.

"Good enough? It's perfect!" he exclaimed, and with a little growl he seized my knickers and pulled them down past my knees.

"What an arse!"

Lying over his lap I could feel the hard bulge of his cock boring into me, and my fanny was already moistening his trousers.

"Your prick's really hard, and feel my cunt, it's all wet!"

On my instruction he began massaging my slit, thrusting a finger deep into my vagina and frigging my hot swollen clitoris with his thumb.

"Are you going to fuck me? Please, please fuck me! Now!" I begged.

He was on me in a flash, no sooner had he laid me over the edge of the settee I felt the strong thrusts of his red hot prick deep in my cunthole, and in this so-called "doggie" position he was able to wrap one hand around my leg to play on my excited clit, while the other hand groped and manipulated my aching tits and nipples. It was a beautiful sensation, and it wasn't long before I felt that tingling feeling rip through my body. For the first time I was actually having an orgasm while being fucked, and just in time too, for I felt the surge of his spunk fill my belly.

"Go on, let me have it all," I cried, "every drop of your spunk. Fuck my arse off!!"

He seemed to come by the bucket-load, and when he finally pulled his prick clear I could feel his spunk dribbling out of my saturated cunt and trickling down the cave of my arse.

I stayed in his flat for the rest of the day, and we now fuck whenever, and wherever we can, and in every conceivable position. Oh, and he did eventually get around to drawing me, although the results are too raunchy even for Razzle!!!

Claire, London

## O, Porto!

A mate and I have just been to Portugal on a golfing holiday — I think we played twice — where we met a couple of women, both were widowed, in their mid-fifties, but well preserved. We palled up on the first night and all got on very well, sharing dirty jokes and generally relaxing together.

The next day when we saw them, they were a bit tipsy on the local plonk. We told them what we were up to, then one, called Wendy, said they were there for as much cock as they could get!

Jokingly, I said that if I took out my cock they'd run a mile. As I was sitting facing them I wasn't too worried when they dared me to do just that. As soon as it was in the fresh air, Wendy moved her seat closer to mine, and clasped her hand around its semi-erect shape.

Tickling it gently with her nails, she said she wanted to get it really hard, and suggested we go to her room.

We didn't speak in the lift. When we got to her room she drew the curtains, turned to face me, and undid the front of her dress, letting it slip to the floor. She wore a small brown bra, too small as her tits bulged out from it, a brown suspender belt with matching stockings, and a very brief pair of thong type panties. The strip of material covering her cunt wasn't covering much, as hair and puffy folds of skin curled round it until it disappeared completely where it went between her legs.

I had started to take my clothes off when she came and knelt before me, her face level with my crutch. She put her arms around my arse and found my knob through my trousers, gently nipping it with her teeth.

When she released my trousers and dragged my pants to the floor my cock was nearly bursting. Then moving behind, she ran her hands down either side of my balls, pulling herself on to me and grinding her hips into my arse.

Moving to kneel once again in front of me, she held my cock towards her mouth and then took her false teeth out!

She told me her husband used to enjoy this. I couldn't argue, as she took my length down her throat in one quick lunge, none of this bit at a time stuff. With her nose pressed close to my pubes, both hands working on my balls and arse, she just rocked her head slightly from side to side until I spurted down her throat.

It was the best blow job I've ever experienced, my toes seemed to grip the carpet while my legs just shook.

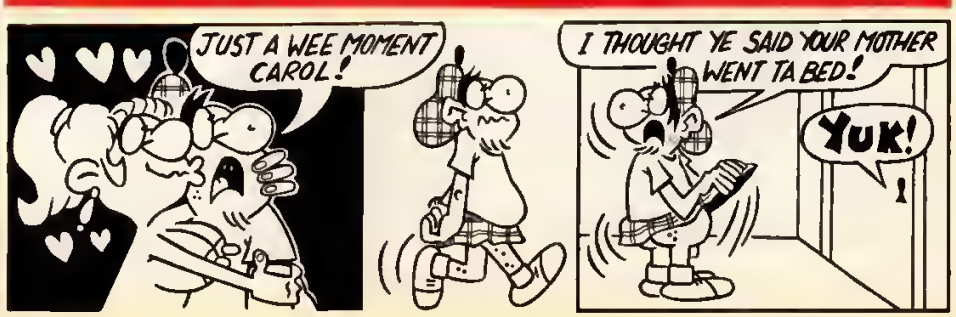
Brian. Stoke-on-Trent

*Ah, those foreign holidays . . . — Ed.*

## Swop Shopping

My husband and I have always wanted to be watched having sex. We both find it a huge turn-on and have climaxes just imagining it. We only want to be watched (or to watch) not partake in threesomes or group sex and when we recently advertised in a contact mag we were inundated by would-be voyeurs and exhibitionists. After reading through all the letters we sorted out two that we thought

**DIRTY MAC** By Tony Neat



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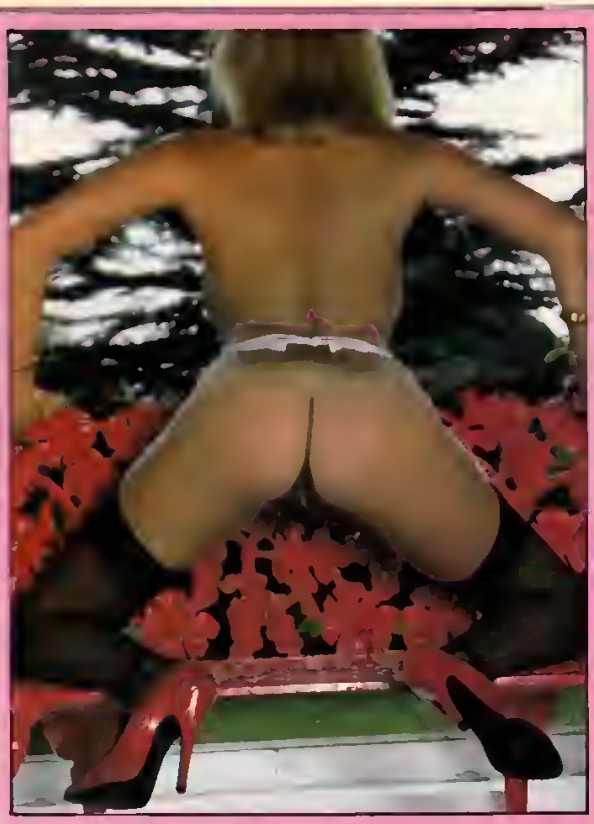


## Take It As Red

**The sexiest photos for me are naked women standing up and wearing nothing but red shoes. They always get me wanking. Yet I can't remember the last time you showed a woman stark naked wearing just shoes. Could you manage that?**

**R.W., London**

***You're a sarcastic bugger, Mr W., but just to show you that we've got sole . . .***

would be okay and arranged to meet them — a couple on the Saturday lunchtime and a single male later on the same evening.

Both were quite genuine and we made arrangements to meet more casually, inviting Barry, the single male, round for dinner and a few drinks on the Tuesday.

After the preliminaries I went upstairs and changed into some frilly undies, all ready for the action. The two men joined me upstairs and John (my husband) stripped off and joined me on the bed. Barry sat in the armchair and watched as John and I performed our usual foreplay, sucking and frigging, then going into the 69 position so that Barry could see the action quite clearly. My tiny g-string was eased to one side as he entered me, while Barry uttered comments like: "That's it, give it to her, John, make her come, let her know who's boss, shove it up her." This had the desired effect on us both and I had a wonderful orgasm just before John exploded his thick creamy load inside me. Then he soon withdrew and turned to face Barry, who was sitting there with his trousers and pants around his ankles and his cock very rigid.

John and I invited him to relieve himself and I gave him a good view of my sodden g-string. He slowly massaged his cock up and down in a very skilful way. It was all too much for me — I just wanted it inside me. John agreed that I should have the benefit of this beautiful rampant tool, but Barry was adamant. Although he was very tempted, he said, he was strictly a voyeur and wanted to keep it that way. He suggested, though, that I gave him a pair of my panties to come into, which I did, and when he had spurted his load I put them on so that I could feel his warm spunk against my sex lips and immediately had another orgasm.

Although it had been a short meeting John and I had really enjoyed ourselves and were impressed with Barry's performance. We will be seeing him again shortly and I can't wait to see the spunk shooting out of his stiff cock once again . . .

The couple we met the following Saturday were really something, totally uninhibited in every way but, like ourselves, not interested so much in swapping as watching and being watched.

Within a few minutes of them arriving, Sheila had removed her dress and was standing in the middle of the room playing with herself through her thin pale blue panties. She had no other undies on and seemed totally at ease standing there with her firm little tits quivering free. John and I were impressed with the way she gyrated her whole body to help get herself worked up.

I removed my dress then and sat down next to John in my black undies. Sheila's bloke, Gordon, was naked too and we were confronted by his huge prick hanging down along his right thigh. I thought "rather her than me getting that up."

Sheila was rubbing herself up against Gordon and it wasn't long before his cock stood up proudly, at which she went down on her knees in front of him and lovingly licked and kissed it. This sight brought my John firmly to attention, so I pulled his cock out of his pants and followed Sheila's example, though I had to stop when I sensed he was coming.

We sat and watched Gordon and Sheila then. Sheila was bending over a chair now and Gordon stood behind her, easing her skimpy panties to one side and slipping his cock straight up her. I couldn't believe that any girl could take such a big cock so easily, but she was moaning in ecstasy as it rammed in and out of her. Gordon's tempo increased to a frantic pitch and he had to put his arms around Sheila's waist to stop her falling forwards. Then he grunted and gave a huge lunge, as his prick filled up his wife's cunt, then followed numerous little jerks as his seed kept coming out. Eventually he withdrew his shining prick and Sheila turned to us to display a smile of lust and satisfaction.

Now it was our turn. John was more than ready, so I simply moved over and lowered myself on his throbbing cock. After bouncing up and down for a while I got off and lay on the floor to be fucked. Sheila and Gordon were watching us closely and that soon brought me to orgasm. Then, just as I thought John was going to fill me, he withdrew and finished himself off by hand, splashing gobs of spunk all over my breasts and my black undies.

When we had finally finished John exchanged a few ideas with Sheila and Gordon and we arranged another meeting, at which it was implied that I would have to, at least, suck Gordon's cock, then maybe lie back and let myself be fucked. If Sheila can accommodate him then maybe I can with a bit of patience and practice.

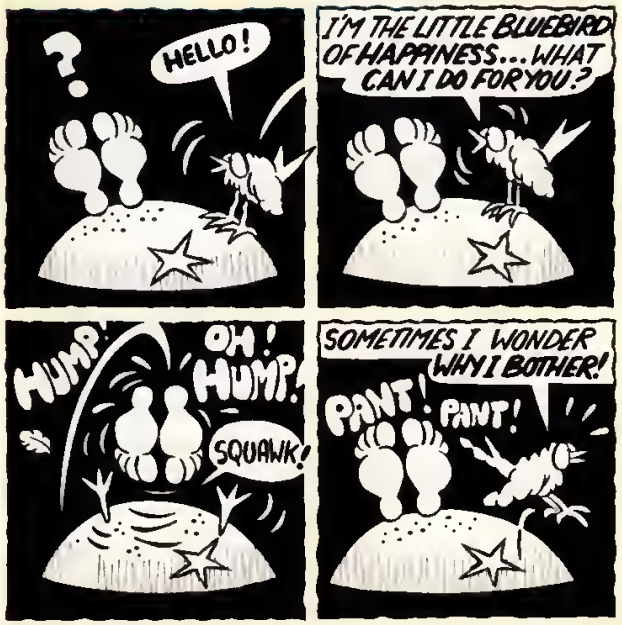
Felicity, Yorkshire.

*Let us know how you get on, won't you — Ed.*

## What the Foot . . .

On reading the letter from Slip-

**FOOTNOTES** by Tony Neat



# Revived 44s!

**From our bulging archives, some highly pleasurable chests to be measured, then treasured . . .**

*Ray of Sussex writes:* "If there's one aspect of a woman that's absolutely bound to make my mouth water and my cock as hard as a blacksmith's iron, it's the sight of her large tits thrusting out in my direction. I've had complaints from girlfriends in the past that all I ever did was dive inside their cleavage and ask if they'd mind if I spunked between them.

Don't get me wrong, I enjoy a good fucking but I do happen to regard a healthy bit of tit-fucking as a handsome extra on the menu. Now, in view of the fact that I've been forced to be more considerate in my love life, how about Razzle doing the same for me? All I ask is for a big pair I can rub my face in, OK?

*No sooner said, Ray . . . This is Wanda, a large beauty from the West Country, sporting 42" on the tape. Apparently, she loves a little loveplay above the waist, because her nipples are extremely sensitive . . .*

per Sniffer in Vol 5 No 11, I felt I had to write and tell you about my own great turn-on. I love spunking into women's shoes.

I work in an office and one of the typists in particular catches my eye. She is gorgeous, with big tits, a cute little arse and delightful legs. When she arrives at work each morning she changes from high heels into a pair of open-toed sandals which she keeps in her desk drawer. I love watching her in the office wearing her sandals, which complement her black stockings admirably.

Some days I make an excuse to work late and slip unnoticed into the typing pool. I take her sandals from her desk and rush off to the toilet in order to wank into them. I first sniff at and lick each of them, then I shove my cock into the open-toed end. It's so nice and tight, just like a cunt, and in no time at all I get a fantastic hard-on. Soon my spunk is gushing out all over the sandal. I repeat this for the other sandal, too.

I did this late one evening and next day she was wearing a gorgeous dress and her legs looked particularly nice. I realised that this was because she was not wearing any stockings. I looked at her bare feet in the sandals and — joy of joys — realised that she was actually standing in my spunk. The thought of my sperm on her feet nearly made me come in my pants — and then, that evening, I was at it again. Her sandals smelled especially nice and I

*Continued on page 21*

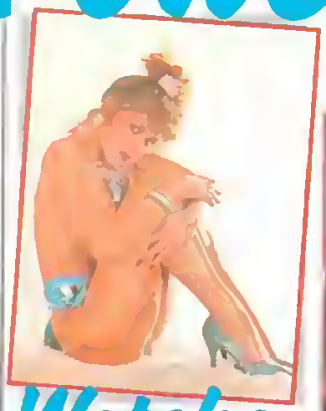
## Thumbs Up

**My wife and me read Razzle regularly and our great favourite is Meet The Wife. My own lady would like to appear, but she thinks her body is not good enough. Please prove her wrong. Do you think she deserves a spread?**

**Jeffrey, S. Wales**

***We certainly do, Jeff. And we bet our readers will unanimously agree when they see this little taster! Hope to see a set of pics soon from you both — Ed***

# Powell on the Prowl



**Certain girls you never forget, their faces or their bodies, how they move, talk, sit, open their legs or smile. Gina Powell's in this league of gentlewomen. She's tough, funny and beautiful. She's also yours every month and glad to let you into her strange, exciting life . . .**

## Wotcha, Gang . . .

First off, for those of you who don't know me, my name's Gina Powell. I've been modelling for some years now, not on such a large scale as my good pal — and big fantasy for you all — Marie Harper, but still, I've been around and about . . .

I hail from Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, so as you can imagine there's a lot of scope for jobs with a difference and a nicely varied selection of "charvers" along the way due to it being a holiday resort.

After leaving school, my first job was as a bingo caller, (impressed, eh?). I really enjoyed the job, but looking back at that time of my life I wasn't the most subtle young lady who worked at the fun fair. Well, I mean, fancy using the bingo microphone to chat up the lads as they passed by! Mind you, that was what I was after, wasn't it? Even more amazing though — it actually worked! In fairness, it could have been due to the fact that I always wore frontless, backless tops and skirts that barely covered my credentials.

While I'm on the subject . . . if you're reading this column, Mr Smith (my boss), I still haven't forgiven you for docking me a whole day's pay that time I sneaked off with the bloke from the Fun House. It was only a couple of hours, not all blinking day! Mind you, it was really worth it! I've been inside the Fun House a few times since then and I still can't help cracking a smile when I get to the Hall of Mirrors.

Anyway, I'm rambling, and that's another story. Remind me to tell you about it one day. What I want to tell you about this month is my experience as a barmaid.

I really enjoyed that because the bar I worked in was really trendy and, as you'd expect, always choc-a-bloc with blokes. For any of you who might remember me from my spell at The Ritz, then I'm sure you'll also remember my brilliant cocktails — like the one about the man with the willy — no, no, just kidding. I really did mix up special cocktails just to save me getting bored in the slack periods (to coin a phrase). One particular concoction I invented will always bring back

fond memories for me . . .

One night I was bottling up while the bar was fairly quiet and this gorgeous geezer came wandering in. It was one of those magic moments when our eyes locked for a few seconds but it just seemed like hours. He had the most beautiful piercing blue eyes and blond hair, and when he smiled and ordered his drink I nearly had a tooth orgasm! (Here I'd better explain that my favourite bits on a man are his nudger, his bum, his eyes and his teeth. If all these are very attractive then my term for this is a tooth orgasm).

Anyway, he turned and went to sit in the far corner of the bar. I watched him as he walked. He was obviously the sporty type — nice firm bum, broad shoulders and chest, into weight-training probably, like myself — but with one small flaw. As far as I could tell he seemed painfully shy — just my luck! But my mind soon went into overtime and came up with the idea of tempting him to try my famous "Turn-On Tipple", namely a "Porky Pull".

I called him over and told him I was doing a promotion and the cocktail was on the house (I'll give you the recipe at the end, gang). He thanked me shyly and went back to his seat with it. It seemed to be doing the trick because ten minutes later he was back for another. I had to charge for it this time, but I could tell from his eyes that he was feeling a lot more confident. He sat at the bar and I proceeded to help him along by doing a bit of bending (nice and low), giving him some generous glimpses of my stocking tops, and stretching across the bar so that he could peep down the armhole of my loose tee shirt to get an eyeful of my right willett. The expression on his face told me that the time was right for me to move in and win the game.

I quickly liaised with my boss, who was very accommodating — so much so that he gave me the key to room 7 upstairs. In return I agreed to do all the washing up and clearing away at the end of the night. A small price to pay. So after slipping a note telling Shy Boots where to meet me, I raced upstairs to prepare myself for what would be, hopefully, a whole new slant on weight-training. You know the kind of thing — wench-pressing, thrust-ups, etc.

He walked into the room and, seeing me on the bed in my frillies, was soon whipping off his clothes down to his underpants. Not wanting to be tormented at this stage in the game when I was feeling so stalky, I promptly leapt off the bed and dragged down his pants to reveal what I can honestly say was the prettiest plonker I had ever seen. Cor! It was big . . . but so neat and tidy too, the sort of plonker you could have in your family photo album and no one'd take offence at.

It must've been the first time I'd ever fallen in love romantically with a willy. I wasted no time in comparing exercises in weight-training, I can tell you. I reckon the Porky Pulls had gone into overdrive as this bloke — Pete, his name was — must've been in training for the London Marathon. Cor blimey! Talk about pacing himself . . . it was fantastic. He punched me up the whiskers like never before.

Well, what else can I say about such a brilliant experience, except that I lost my voice with all the coaching in this particular training session. Also, for about a week afterwards, I did a good imitation of John Wayne walking without his horse. Pete left me with an altered opinion of him too. After that marathon, he insisted on a Porky Pull for the road — and that was it. Those strong muscular legs buckled and went and the piercing blue eyes changed to pissholes in the sand. A sad state . . . Never mind, Pete, I'll always remember you as Pentathlon Pete and not Pete the Pisshead . .

# XXX Gina

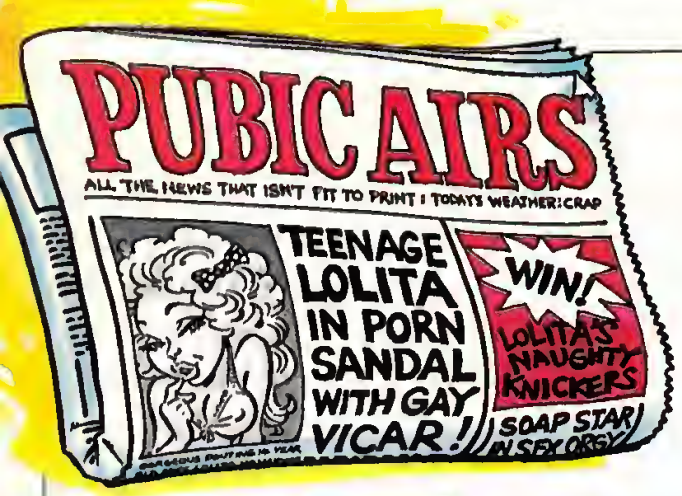
**Porky Pull Procedure (At Your Own Risk!)**

*1 measure Pernod*
*1 measure Bacardi*
*1 measure of your own choice*

*Pour them all into a cocktail shaker, then add half of a ½ pint bottle of strong dry cider. Shake well and pour into a half pint glass, topping it up with lemonade*

*NB You can have a great punch up the whiskers after 2 Porky Pulls, but take it from me that after 3 all you'll be punching is the toilet floor in between calling for Bert and Hughie*

Permont


PUBIC AIRS
ALL THE NEWS THAT ISN'T FIT TO PRINT ! TODAY'S WEATHER: CRAP
TEENAGE LOLITA IN PORN SANDAL WITH GAY VICAR!
WIN! LOLITA'S NAUGHTY KNICKERS
SOAP STAR IN SEX ORGY!

# SEX IN THE PRESS

*Caustic Commentary by John Wilkes*

## THE CURSE OF DWORKIN

If, as the joke has it, Dorking is a sexual perversion rather than a town in Surrey, then the mind boggles as to what 'Dworking' might be. It sounds disgusting!

Actually it's feminist and it *is* pretty tacky, judging by its latest 'shocking' book.

This blatant waste of trees is called: *Intercourse* and it says, at least that part of it which the shitsheets of Fleet Street have been able to fathom, that sexual intercourse is a violent act showing man's inherent hatred of women. And that woman's inferior place in society is a direct result of her 'being fucked' (I apologise for using this dirty word in the hallowed pages of Razzle, but it *was* in the book!)

The Dworkin is obviously quite WRONG.

Of course I haven't read this 'book' and neither should you. If people want to pour their neuroses on to paper and it makes them feel better, fine. But they should be binned straight off like any other therapy project. Not hyped up to make money and confuse poor wretched people like this load of crap.

But how can you criticise a book without reading it? You might ask.

Well I find it a whole lot easier really. Besides, when the creeping reviewers of the posh press start whimpering: "the average man will not need much convincing that when he makes love to his wife he is not inspired by the desire to disembowel her", then you *know* you're in the presence of a heap of shit that it is not necessary to dip your head into.

The frightful Dworkin is, I bear, a very intelligent being. Doubtless she advances many subtle and intellectual arguments to support her clatfart nonsense.

Nevertheless we all *know* instantly that she is *utterly* off her trolley.

Doctor Johnson had this trouble with one Bishop Burton. The Bishop, with many fine arguments, asserted that matter did not exist, it was all in the mind.

When this nonsense was put to him as irrefutable, Johnson kicked a stone until he all but bust a foot and shouted: "I refute it thus!"

Of course it was a lousy argument as such. The Bishop would say the sensation of a broken foot was also created by the mind and the stone still did not exist.

But the event has been quoted down the years with admiration. It was simply Doc Johnson's way of saying: What a load of bollocks!

Similarly with the Dworkin. My wife and I repaired to bed, fucked each other till we all but hust our pelvises and shouted to the Dworkin: "we *refute it thus!*"

## HATE OF THE MONTH

Like Chris Quentin, although it's not his fault. Face it: Chris is a competent hactor in a dross soap-opera, that's all.

(OK, I know you love *Coronation Street* when it's piped into your lap. But imagine it was in the theatre or the cinema up the road. Would you have *ever* dragged yourself out in the rain to see the first episode? And if you bad, wouldn't you bave demanded your cash back?)

I mean Chris Quentin is not Marlon Brando or Peter O'Toole or Richard Burton, is be? So why the hell do I have to wade througb accounts of his love-life in the wretched Sunday tabloids?

Answer: because nobody who's a real star will bave anything to do with the wretched shit sheets!

Andy Warhol once said that television would make it possible for *anyone* to be famous for about 15 seconds.

And it's beginning to look like he was right!

## HYPOSHITS

Under the heading. HIS ROYAL BARENESS the wretched old *News of the World* tries to suggest there's something terribly dodgy in the Duke of Edinburgh 'frollicking in a towel' and putting his arm around a girl in a bathing dress.

(I know why they do this, of course. The stories of the Dook's sexual exploits that flash around Fleet Street irritate the hacks who have neither the guts nor, I imagine, the facts to follow them up. So it's *hint-hint.*)

And the biggest hint of all is that the Dook is 'pally' with my old friend Pat Kluge (who they call a 'former porn model').

Pat was a fun girl who preferred not to wear knickers and enjoyed strutting her stuff in the men's magazines of the 70s under the name Patricia Rose.

She was the constant companion, maybe even the wife, of the then proprietor of *Fiesta*.

In fact she was the saucy, show your bits, bundle of fun that the appalling Sunday newspapers love so much. Hell, the *Sunday Person* even runs a competition to discover such naughty girls. They run stories about them week after week saying what little darlings they are.

So long as they stay in their place! If, like Pat, they marry rich and start hob-nobbing with Royalty, the Sunday hypocrites get a touch of the vapours!

"Sir, sir, Pat Kluge showed her bottom so she can't talk to the Prince."

Really, these people make me want to puke!

This same Pat, you may remember, was hounded out from her own banquet for Charles and Di, when the Florida shit sheets hit on the fact that she'd showed her bits.

Prince Charles went out of his way to show that he didn't give a damn — and rose several points in my estimation for it.

No doubt his dad, a rebellious cuss, will do the same. Go on, Phil, invite Pat to tea at Buck House and really make 'em lather!

## THE TANNING CLARSES

The sickening *Sunday Person* has grappled on to the latest "everything causes cancer shock" in a particularly unpleasant way. This time it's sunbathing.

Which, considering the ads for sunbeds and the aids to brotling they continue to take money for, is pretty well typical of the Sunday shit sheets.

But the nasty little twist comes in the 'feature' which shows that the new aristocrats, the rock stars, never get a suntan. And here the class element has gone a full circle.

Take that little nurd, Boy George.

"George would never go out sunbathing. It's just so naff," a friend told the *Sunday People* (although I can't think of *anything* so naff as talking to that

(I don't know about ex-'porn' stars, but I'm beginning to feel that no-one who has ever worked for the *News of the World* should be allowed to speak to Royalty. Or anybody!)

## LADIES FIRST!

Camden Council, in London, is the highest spending council in the Universe. Experts come from all over the world to see how they can get rid of so much dosh! Really! But at least they get value for money.

As can be seen in the report of the *Camden Gay and Lesbian Committee* which has produced not only a definition of 'lesbian' and of 'heterosexism', but, more usefully still, the order of precedence between dykes and fags. I shall never complain about my rates bill again!

Anyway it's nice to see the old sexist order still reigns — it's ladies first. "The word lesbian should always precede gay . . . to counteract the marginalisation of women", says the *Camden Gay and Lesbian Committee* — one can only hope they apply it to their own title soon!

## KISSING MY BACKSIDE!

Kissing is Back yells the headline — an incredibly weak look for a centre spread in the wretched *Sunday Person* (circulation moving fast towards the single figure).

A chronic excuse to have pictures of people snogging complete with lame comments from some psychiatrist. You know: *FAKED:* These two are obviously models pretending to kiss for the money.

But the most interesting thing is that kissing has come back into fashion because AIDS has "put the skids under casual sex". (According to the *Sunday Person*, you understand.)

More fascinating information: "In the course of one hearty smacker, two people exchange at least nine milligrams of water and .456 mgs of salts plus organic and fatty substances."

Now wasn't this where I read about the AIDS PLAGUE back-along? With the skull grinning out of every page? And got the idea that the only way to have 'safe sex' was to ensure their was no transfer of bodily fluids?

No apology, no explanation in the *Person* of course. But I do think we're entitled to a brief: "Sorry we scared the shit out of you about kissing and AIDS, it was all cobblers."

Or are we supposed to realise that, because something's *in* the *Sunday Person*, *it needn't be taken seriously?*

wretched rag about your mates).

"It would ruin his look as well as his image. He doesn't want to look like some butch brickie who's just come back from Ibiza."

(No, he wants to look like a Buddhist monk done up as a white-face clown).

And there you have it. Tans and class turned on their arse. Used to be, seventy years ago that 'ladies' and 'gentleman' kept pale to show they were not mere labourers out in the fields all day.

Then, when it became an indication of jet-setting wealth to hit the beaches of the Caribbean, the tan was all the rage.

But now the poor bloody brickie has managed to get the ackers together to do the same, the new snobs turn pale with jealousy again.

Ah, fuck the lot of them!

## THE HUNK FIGHTS BACK

I read in the increasingly more wretched *News of the World*, that Dolph Lundgren — the massive hulk who played the Russian boxer in *Rocky IV* — is being persecuted by women.

"There are so many girls in Hollywood who'll give you everything just to be in your next movie", complains Dolph.

"I can't stand them. Most of them are so unsubtle."

I think I hear cries of: "Aaaawwww! Poor little sod," as I write.

But really it is an increasing problem, this.

If we men are going to get the shitty end of the stick over this feminist thing — always portrayed as the aggressive, predatory, problem in sexual relations — I think we should demand some protection too. Why *should* we have to cope with oversexed women on the make all the time?

What is Camden Council going to *do* about it, that's what I want to know!

## HETERODOXIES

And what is 'heterosexism' I hear you yawn? It's: "a system that promotes only heterosexuality and views beterosexuals alone as normal and natural "

See, *you* are a heterosexist and we *live* in a heterosexist society. No doubt we will always do so.

Because it is *impossible* to describe homosexuals as 'normal'. The word means 'typical', 'usual' and like that, and I do not foresee a day when a typical human being is homosexual.

As for being natural, well you have to admit that homosexuality happens in nature. But if the suggestion is that it's a necessary cog in natural evolution, it's pretty silly because the use of sex in nature is to have kids, which few homosexuals do or want to do.

I'm all for homosexuals being able to live like any other citizen under the law. But it will not do the slightest good them campaigning to be 'natural' and 'normal' because they AIN'T.

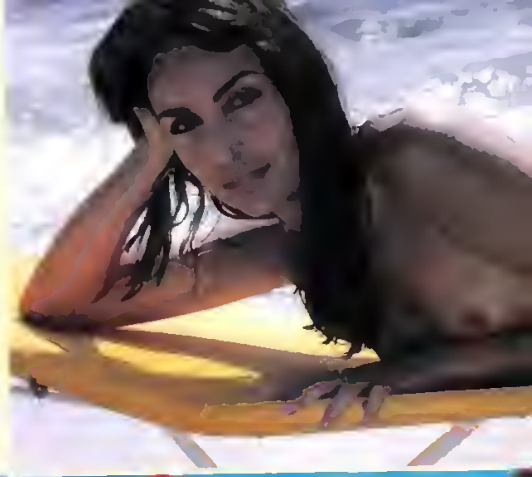
Not even Camden Council can change that, no matter how often they double the rates.

## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

'Page Three stunner' Jeanette Gillespie on 'Street Cheat' Quentin: "A leopard doesn't change his spots overnight — and I don't think Chris ever will."

(Didn't know Chris had spots. Wonder where he keeps them? On his hum, I suppose, like the rest of us.)

# POOLING AROUND

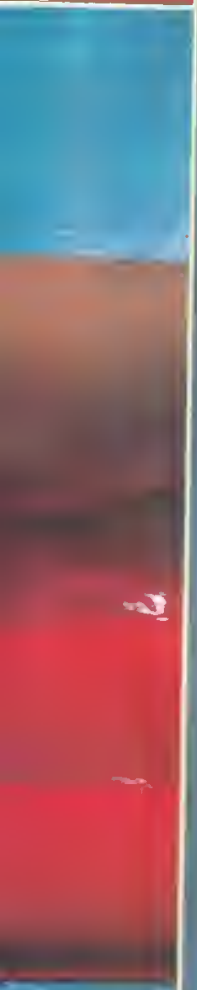


Celia is swanning around the Canary Islands on her hols this year, and thoroughly enjoying herself. Lazing around the pool she sips a cocktail before slipping between the sheets for a slow comfortable screw!

Buying her duty-free and displaying her excess baggage she counts her *pissatas* and sun-strokes herself to sleep, dreaming that she'll come . . . back next year!

"The trouble with Spanish men," says Celia, "Is that they're just like their paellas — unappetising bottoms and not much filling!"

Our Celia is plentifully stocked with enough tasty fillers ready for second helpings! Then it's back to the hotel for a quick shower to get the sand out of all her important little places!



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# PILLOW STALKS

**JANET SPENCER went out on the streets of Liverpool to ask those blunt-speaking Scousers about their filthiest dreams. No one needed to tell her that she was asking for trouble. Reactions ranged from the mealy-mouthed to instructions to indulge in gender-bending and bodily contortions of the self-abusing kind. But by the end of the day, she had some gems of the wackiest and wankiest Scouse wit and dreams that would turn the bed of the Mersey stiff and white by morning.**

**ROY, 20, Art Student**
Sexual dreams? I paint mine! You can come and see them in the John Moore's Exhibition. Seriously, though, I only have dirty dreams when I haven't got a girlfriend. My best one was when I was fucking this woman who had an extra vagina under her armpit. It was great because it was tighter and not so wet as the other one, so every time I wasn't getting enough friction between her legs, I'd shove my prick under her arm. There's an old Liverpool expression, 'under the arm', meaning lousy or no good. Maybe that's where it came from!

**MIDDLE-AGED MAN WITH LARGE BOXER DOG**
Mind yer own fucking business, gerl! What are you? One of them students? Is it Rag Week already?

**PATRICK 27, Navy**
Wet dreams? This bird wants to know if I have wet dreams! Listen, I can fuck me wife, and go to sleep and dream I'm giving it to her sister. I get around in my dreamworld — just as well, 'cos the wife wouldn't give me a chance in real life. She'd be after me with a cut-throat razor, to cut me balls off. What? You want me to describe a dirty dream? Gerron with yer, that'd be telling! I shagged Joan Collins fifty times once on a white fur rug. Will that do?

**MONICA, 37, Lab Technician**
I've been divorced for a year and yes, I do have quite a lot of sexy dreams, quite often about people in the public eye. The things I could tell you about Neil Kinnock, David Steel — even Arthur Scargill, though I don't know why I dreamt about him!

Someone told me once that you got rude dreams after eating cheese. I do sometimes, though it might be that I tend to eat cheese at the end of a heavy meal, so my innards are doing weird things anyway.

I've dreamt I'm having an orgasm and woken up feeling as if I have had one. I sometimes wake up with my hand or the pillow between my legs. I think the best orgasmic dream I've ever had was when I was being fucked in some sand dunes by Rod Stewart, and a whole movie crew were filming it. They zoomed in with those big lenses and got close-ups of Rod's prick driving into my cunt and coming out all wet and hard — it was like I was both fucking *and* watching myself.

**CONNIE, 52, Waitress**
Ooh, dear! Naughty dreams? Not me, luv. I never remember my dreams. Anyway, fat lot of use dreaming is, if you can't have the reality!

**GRANT, 31, Sports Instructor**
All men have randy dreams, don't they? Bet your feller's had a few. Dreams, as well! If I haven't had sex for a week or so, then I have a very rude dream, usually about fucking one woman, or several, sometimes about getting my dick in my hand and rubbing it very gently against a woman while she's doing something else, cooking or something, and ending up wanking over her. Then I wake up with my hand on my cock and very sticky fingers.

**YOUNG POLICEMAN In Church Street**
I'm not sure whether you could be breaking the law, asking strangers questions like that. At any rate, I could do you for causing an obstruction. Now move along, I've got important things to do.

**MABEL, 68, Housewife**
Sexy dreams? If it wasn't for those, I'd have committed suicide long ago! My favourite, a recurring one, is that I'm lying in a field and a young man whose face I never see, is lying behind me, caressing me, cradling my breasts in his hands, pinching my nipples. Then he nudges this hard thing in between my legs. Oooh, it's lovely! I wake up with such a happy smile on my face.

**MAN ABOUT 30, Lounging Outside Pub**
Fuck off, will yer? Yer must be crazy! Sex mad, all you young things are, sex mad. No wonder we've got all this AIDS. Now, fuck off! Unless you want to buy us a bevvy?

**EDDIE, 41, Merchant Seamao**
What do you want to know for? Oh, Razzle! I've seen that. We have them all on the ships. If I look at a picture of a sexy girl with her legs apart and concentrate on it while I'm getting off to sleep, I can often make myself dream about her. She'll be lying on the carpet or on my bed, with her hairy twat spread wide just like in the photo, and I'll have grown about three inches on my cock and I'll be giving her one, then making her suck it, then . . . Do I have to go on? You get the picture!

**WOMAN SHOPPER, About 50**
You're disgusting! Fancy stopping honest, clean-minded people who are going about their business and asking them something like that! You should be reported! What people dream about is their own business. If more people went to church, there'd be an end to obscenity and casual sex.

**MICK, 23, Unemployed**
I spend a great deal of my time in bed, and I'm always dreaming, the dirtier, the better. Might as well, with the Social paying for it. I used to work as a binman and I found a pile of dirty books once. I've got some of them at home. I like leather and I have great dreams about shagging on a leather bed. Black leather, preferably. I come like pints of milk, all over a black bird and the black leather bedspread. Wanna hear any more? I could stick this microphone down my trousers and my cock could tell you a dream or two! I had one only last night about a girl who looked just like you. Like to re-live it with me? My flat's only ten minutes from here. No? Well, you're missing a treat, I can tell you. It's like Blackpool Tower, my prick. You could photograph it for your magazine . . . ("No, ta," says a retreating J.S.)

**SANDY, 17, Shop Assistant**
(Giggle). 'Ere, Trace, she wants to know if we have any rude dreams! (More giggles). I can't tell you, I'd wet me knicks! (Even more giggles, but knickers appear to stay dry, no puddles appear on pavement).

**ERIN, 42, Social Worker**
Psychologically, sexual dreams are good, they're a release for frustration. I don't have them myself, I don't need them. I have a very satisfying sex life with my husband. I've never even dreamt about kissing anyone else.

**ALAN, 29, Factory Hand**
We tell each other on the line in the morning if we've had any good dreams. I can never remember mine, but this Chinese geezer called Eric is always dreaming about huge, fat women. He does the most disgusting things to them. Reckon it's all that chop suey.

**DANIELLE, 19, Nanoy**
My aunt told me that if you slept naked with a string of pearls around your neck, you would dream of making love to a beautiful man. I only tried it once, but it didn't work. I just nearly strangled myself with the pearls. I do sometimes dream about making love. It is always to the boy who is my latest boyfriend. If we haven't made love yet, I dream I am doing it with him, then I am embarrassed and blush next time I see him. I like getting these dreams. It is really the best form of safe sex.

# CUSHIONING YOUR INFLATIONS

Mandy's lounging around on a priceless gem. This antique heirloom has been in the family for years and she's really chuffed that it's come her way at last.

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In fact, she was a bit upset when we suggested she modelled with the chair on the set. She seemed to think that sbe was exposing it to a rudely crudeness. But we put her straight and told her that in the Victorian times, there was far more frisky frollicking going on, just none of the mags to spread it around evenly with! And Mandy's the first one to be right up front and agree (often from behind!) that everyone should get their fair share! Looking at Mandy — it's barely resistible!

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*Cut out order form:* – – –

*Continued from page 6*

could smell her feet quite clearly. A good licking and I was at it, fucking both bits of footwear vigorously and sending streams of spunk into both sandals.

Next day she was bare-footed once more. I cannot imagine a more erotic feeling — except for actually fucking her of course. Unfortunately she is happily married. Still, if I can't have her cunt I'll fuck her footwear instead.

John, Swansea

## Topless Trade

I always buy my Razzle on a Sunday morning when I pick up my newspapers — it's undoubtedly the best colour supplement you can read.

The newsagent's wife, a very understanding lady, always gives me a knowing look as she places Razzle inside the newspaper and rolls it up into a tube.

The thought that occurred to me is, why aren't there any topless newsagents to boost the trade?

Dave, Merseyside

*Would any shopkeepers browsing through their stock care to enlighten us on this one?* — Ed

## Soaking Poking

Until I read about June's *Bladder Matter* in Vol 5 no 15, I thought that my wife, Carol, and I were unique in watching each other pee.

Our enjoyment of golden showers started when we were still courting. We had gone out one Sunday and stopped off at a pub for lunch. We'd parked our car and were walking along a bridle path when Carol expressed her wish to spend a penny. As we were out of sight of the road I suggested that she did it on the spot.

At first she wasn't sure, but after a bit of gentle coaxing she pulled her skirt up to her waist and, without removing her knickers, she started to pee. At first all that happened was that the crotch of her knickers went dark, but then a golden stream poured from them down on to the grass. Small trickles were also running down her legs, tracing a pattern in her stockings. I was in agony from the size of my hard-on caused by this incredibly erotic sight. Eventually the stream stopped and she gently rubbed herself through her knickers before removing them and then letting her skirt drop back into place.

Now she wanted to watch me do it. I told her it might be a bit difficult with me having a raging hard-on, but she insisted and so I removed my trousers and stood there with my legs apart. After what felt like an age my prick was soft enough, and I felt the hot pee run down my pants, over my balls, then pour from the crotch of my pants down on to the ground. Carol came across and crouched in front of me for a closer look. As I finished she leant forward and kissed my prick through my sodden pants. I peeled them off, put my trousers back on and then we went back to the car.

*Continued on page 35*

When I said have anything you want, I meant from the menu!

# FOOT & MOUTH

*Tracy, Hammersmith*

**Yes, now we realise there are neglected areas of the female anatomy and we're anxious to make up for the deficit. Hence, we're looking for 'the other best bits' from you all at home. We want sexy lips (nicely lipsticked) and a delicious shot of the feet, either bare or booted or high-heeled or in Roman sandals. Send these extra off-shots to Razzle, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE, and we'll slip a tenner in an envelope to you.**

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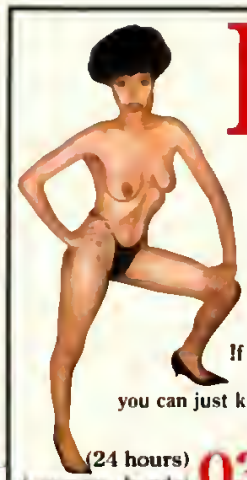

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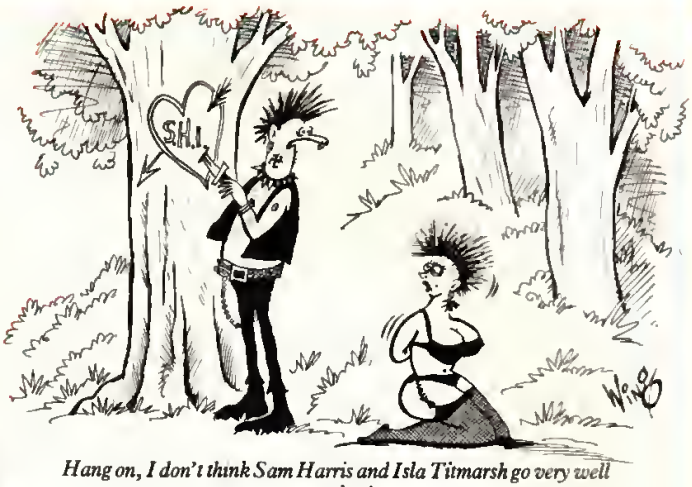



*Hang on, I don't think Sam Harris and Isla Titmarsh go very well together!*

*I'm sorry but I must dash — I've got to make a trunk call!*

*No dear, the milkman hasn't come yet!*

*. . . and to my wife, who always insisted she could earn her own living I leave 2 dozen mini skirts, a box of nipple erectors and a red light bulb!*

*Why is it that everytime I come in to ask you for a raise — you get one instead, Sir?*

*If you think <u>this</u> is a tough initiation ceremony, you wait 'til you join the snooker team . . .*

Fix It

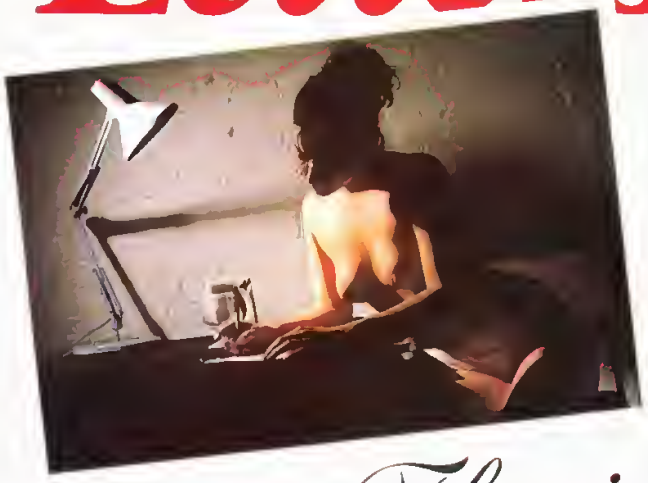
# CAUSE FOR APPLAUSE!

I'm a keen thespian and belong to the local amateur dramatics society. Recently we put on a very successful production of 'My Fair Lady'. A gorgeous newcomer turned up at the audition and was instantly given the part of Eliza Dolittle — the flower girl. She made the whole performance go with a bang and not only drew my avid attention but also that of the rest of the cast and the enthralled audience.

Since then I have travelled up and down the country to watch local productions, but none produced such a gorgeous, well cast flower girl as ours. Please fix it for me to see a sumptuous broad, entwined in the we fresh basket flowers! Mervin, Nottm

***Well Merv, here's a saucy stage scene for you. Jeri, who's a bloomin' gorgeous act, blossomin — just for you! Her baskets are brimming over well deserved encore although she needs no prompting to get her lines right! She did get very tongue-tied when we suggested a quick back-dr Could it be stockings down before curtains up? Mervin — you'd have to be quick to the rescue useful prop! — Ed.***

# Letters From



## Dear Flossie

*Alors* (as they say in France) — I've done it! Nearly both of it! Been to the Cannes festival! *And* finally had my threesome. But shee-it! Gotta tella ya, the fest was better. Wouldn't have thunk it of the French, but Jean-Pierre "just up cannot get eet!" Not up me, anywhichways! Intimidated, so he said, by the size of Clyde.

Remember Clyde? The big Texan grip — with the *Big* Grip! — the red-head at Jenny's party when I was still goin' with Arch last time you were in LA. Aw c'mon, Floss, 'course ya know him. A gent, ya said. 'Cos he laid you *after* he got us those walk-ons — well, strip-offs! — in that dumb film he was on. God knows what they finally called it . . . *Six Sorority Sisters*? More like *Sorority Blisters*, right?

Well, thanks to Clyde, I got to Cannes. He hadda go. Some deal he was working on. Everybody in Cannes was into *some* kinda deal — if only trying to get blow-jobs from Yours Suckingly! Relax, kiddo — I carry my own Trogans. Hey, they call AIDS SIDA in France. Crazee!

So, Clyde calls: "Fit for a trip?" Sure! Thinking of another weekend balling at his Laurel Canyon shack. "*Non, non — la belle France*," he says in a Depardieu accent. "Cannes! Festival! Movie stars! Parties!" Baby, who could resist? Cannes always attracted me . . . since your trip *and* what happened at the Aussie party.

Cannes swings, right? Wrong! Oh, a lotta pot-bellied LA-types I vaguely know kept wanting blow-jobs in elevators 'n' stuff. But, hell — if it hadn't been for Clyde's dick, I'd've had a dry run.

Clyde, being Clyde, didn't crash the glitzy parties. Only mixed with the Yanks he knew. Short-order chefs when it comes to movies. Also ran into some of the French crew he knew from his tele-shoot last year. That's how the twosome came up. Or didn't!

Poor Jean-Pierre. Kept insisting it wasn't Clyde's whang, but his red pubes which put him off. At least he couldn't blame it on mine! Give J-P, his due — and I did! — he's fuckin'-A on his own. And then some. Talk about going around the world. He really knows how to use what he's got — and that ain't *saucission*! He tried to make it up by arranging another trio — "*total French thees time, cher!*" — when Clyde was on some guy's yacht for a meet. (At sea? What the hell kind of meeting was that? Yeah, I expect so!)

T'other guy turned up — and up and up! But not J-P! Hadda rush back to Paris. Shoot! So here I be, a poor little lassie from Tallahasse, Florida — free, white, blonde, horny, 21 and *still* never laid by two honchos at once. Should I try for a foursome instead?

Anyways, t'other guy, Francois, was one great flap-lapper! He's a porno stud and, shee-it, in mid-grind, he keeps kinda checking if a camera's on his best feature. (Not the best feature I've had, but . . . smoooth! Solid! Well-oiled, ya know?) I've had porno studs before — you met Al, right? They all suffer from the same incessant pride in their cocks. Keep watching at their thrusts, usually can only come by hand. *And* they expect girls to do *all* the work. Anyway, it was

*From the land of the rising cock . . .* The Hookers, *Japan's 1987 for Cannes Festival*

# lova

raining, so . . . why the fuck not, right?

He asked me to Munich to make a hard-core flick with him. Not yet, baby. I don't wanna be *paid* for screwing. 'Cept by coming and coming and . . . .

*Yeah*, I saw movies, too. Cannes lived up to its rep., film-wise. Or the Italians did. Caught the new Fellini, *Interview* (marvy), *Goodbye Babylonia* by the Taviani brothers (super), something called *The Family* and best, an Italian movie made by a Russkie, *Black Eyes*, with Marcello Mastroianni. Actually met him in at a USA party. Now, there IS a lover! He just exudes sex. Nothing forced, it's just . . . there! Like a good perfume. When he shakes hands, it's not like the LA *Mafiosi* — you feel they're undressing you, s-l-o-w-l-y. With Marcello, you feel he's hitting The Gee! Spot, caressing Mama Clitty. Electric!

So, he's 64! I've had older (once — to get that part in the Canadian horror thing — and it was pretty damn good. Slow. But that *is* good). Sheet-it, if Marcello had asked, I woulda gone with him — back to a film he's doing in Budapest. He must be starved, poor baby, in Budapest!

Yeah, I know, star-fucking's *your* thing, not mine. I've always preferred the crew best. They're more real — don't expect it and give, not just take. But hell, when you get to meet a dude like Marcello, my flaps flip and Mama Clitty just *burns*. Ya know it'd be just like the cherry-time again . . . hell, we've all swallowed a lotta sperm since then. Ain't dat da truth!

You Brits didn't do so bad. On the screen, I mean. I didn't lay a single Brit. Nor a married one! Honest! (Tell Robin, I remain faitbful — in mah fashion!) Greta Scacchi was flashing her credentials in like *every* film. Beautiful actress. Great tits. Helena Bonham-Carter's got the better mouth. Killer lips on that broad!

And I hated a Jap number about hookers called *Zegen* — all tit and no action! but I loved *Prick Up Your Ears*. Watching gays get it on always did kinda moisten my pants — when I wear 'em! I've kept our bet — no panties all year, right? (Clyde's shaved me, too! So there!)

But I'm dumb. (Whatya mean: still?) Never understood what everyone told me about *Prick Up Your Ears* being an anagram. (Yes, I *know* what an anagram is!) The *Ears* bit. But into what . . . ? *Prick Up The Sear . . . Rase?* "Ass," they kept saying. "*Prick Up The Ass.*" Where else do they put it? But how do you get "ass" out of "ears"? Back in LA, Rodney — a gay London sound-man on a crappy little tele- show I did — explained all. Not "ass" but "arse". Had no idea you guys spell ass that way. Thought we spoke the same language . . .

Stars? Ob sure. Saw 'em all. Paul Newman, looking past it, though I'd still slurp his vinaigrette! Christophe Lambert. Alain Delon's yummy son, Tony. Must be rough in the sack with Depardieu, built like a steamroller. And Mickey Rourke, looking like death. He *never* sleeps, so he told us around 5am, after Clyde just balled me on the Carlton beach. Old ambition of his — I said what about 5pm? — but he wouldn't dare.

*Greta Scacchi says* Good Morning Babylon, *Italian entry for Cannes*

Biggest surprise — Mel Gibson. Almost had him!! There I was, just walking around the Old Port, and I see this *heavenly* deckhand on a massive yacht. Start chatting him — any party-action and, like, when are ya free? — when I suddenly wake up. He's no deck boy. He's Mel fuckin' Gibson. Hair down to his shoulders. Brown as shit. Terrific legs. And pants so short, I'm surprised his *Lethal Weapon* wasn't hanging out . . Clyde's whang woulda been. (Score one for America!) He told me about some bash up at a villa in the hills — and why not come along? That's *exactly* when Clyde docked and we hadda rush off to Nice for yet another meet. (What can I tell ya? Nice is nice!!)

Next time, Mel, baby. Unless, you get him first, Floss. Lotsa luck — and please explain what went down at Pinewood. Your letter gets kinda hysterical about the rock star and his plectrum. What's a plectrum, anyway? Have I got one — if so, how do I juice it? Write soon. Me, too. 'K?

Keep em up,
love,
Anita.

*Anita*

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# Girl About Town

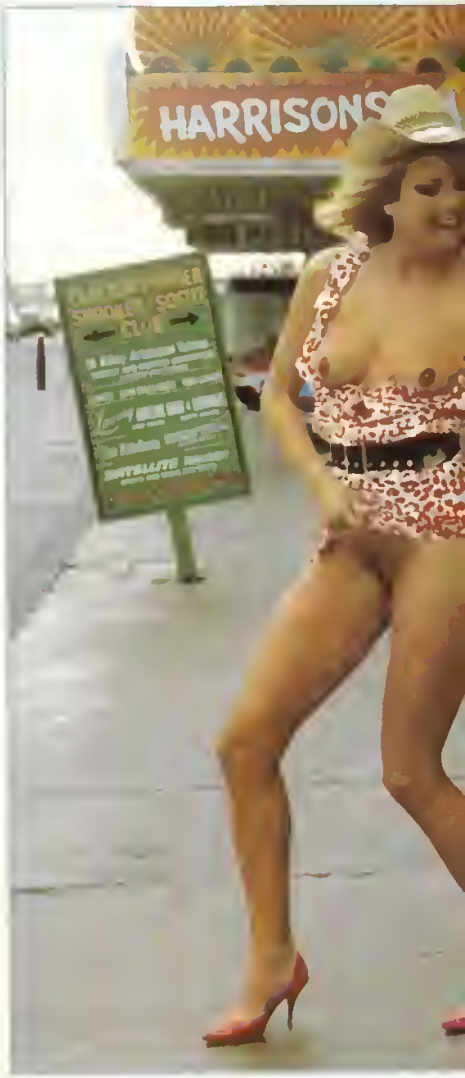
Not so many weeks ago, vinegary Southend played host to our Girl About Town — and now, just a few wiggles along the coast, it's the turn of clamorous Clacton. No, that's not a smelling mistake, we didn't mean glemorous, we meant clamorous (bustling, noisy, hot, dusty, all the fun o' the fair kinda scenerio).

Mind you, the word glamorous can still find a plece in this little paen to pulchritude. Tracy leaves her treces wherever she goes, e hint of perfume, e whiff of feminine musk, the kind of scent on the breeze that gets men's noses twitching and their troos hitching a little to make room for the excitement. There's an old selt hoisting his mainbrace and a young tar measuring his yard-arm — all the merry cast of a damp day trip to the seaside.

Mind you, Tracy knew the one about a girl in every port and a few ports in every girl, but half a pint of Hofmeister's plenty for her — there's no risk to morality in a couple of ring-pulls.

Where's she gonna pop up — and out — next. That's for us to know and for you to guess, okay?

PIER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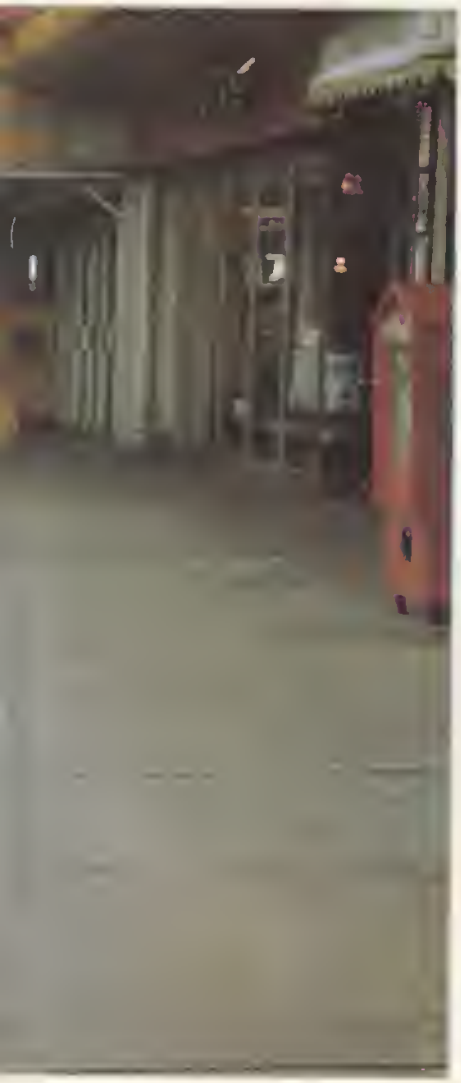

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Toby

*Continued from page 21*

Carol admitted that she'd always found great pleasure in weeing. She also really eojoyed sex, so what could be more natural than doing what we always do now and combine the two? In fact we enjoy it so much that it is very rare if we have sex and doo't pee either on to or into each other, no matter what positioo we are in. My only regret is that whereas I can pee into Carol any of three ways, I can only drink hers from between her legs. Still, the enjoyment more than makes up for this small regret.

Steven, N. Wales

## *Trucker's Delight*

This is a plea from Britain's truckers to all Razzle's lady readers. Truck driving means long looely hours in the cab, but occasionally our days are brightened by the sight of ladies in passing cars showing off a nice pair of legs. Sometimes we even get a glimpse of stocking-tops or braless tits in low-cut blouses.

Come on all you sexy ladies — wheo you're next out in a car, make a lorry driver happy and show a suspender — or more if you fancy! A split secood glance is all we get as you pass us, but the memory is more than appreciated and makes a boring day full of motorway moootooy seem worth the effort.

My owo wife always lets her skirt ride up her thighs or fall

*Cootioued on page 63*

## *What a Brass Neck!*

In a recent issue of your mag you showed a girl in a brass button fantasy. Well, apart from the girl herself being tantalisingly wonderful, I fell in love with tbe jacket. I'm ao 18 year old student and I've heeo looking for a jacket like that for months — but cheap and in good condition.

Apart from falling in love with the girl wbo was wearing it . . . is there any chance that I can have it? I'll pay the postage hut I can't afford to pay a reasonable price for it as I'm a studeot. Perhaps I could spare a few pounds if pusbed . . .

Razzle's been my favourite mag ever since I reached puberty, so is there any cbance I cao have the jacket as it looks about my size. I've eoclosed a stamped addressed envelope.

Mark, Scotland

*You cheeky sod, Mark! Apart from it being the young lady's persooal property, your envelope was far too small. We admire your optimism. Send us an s.a.e. and we'll send your eovelope back to you a.s.a.p. — Ed*

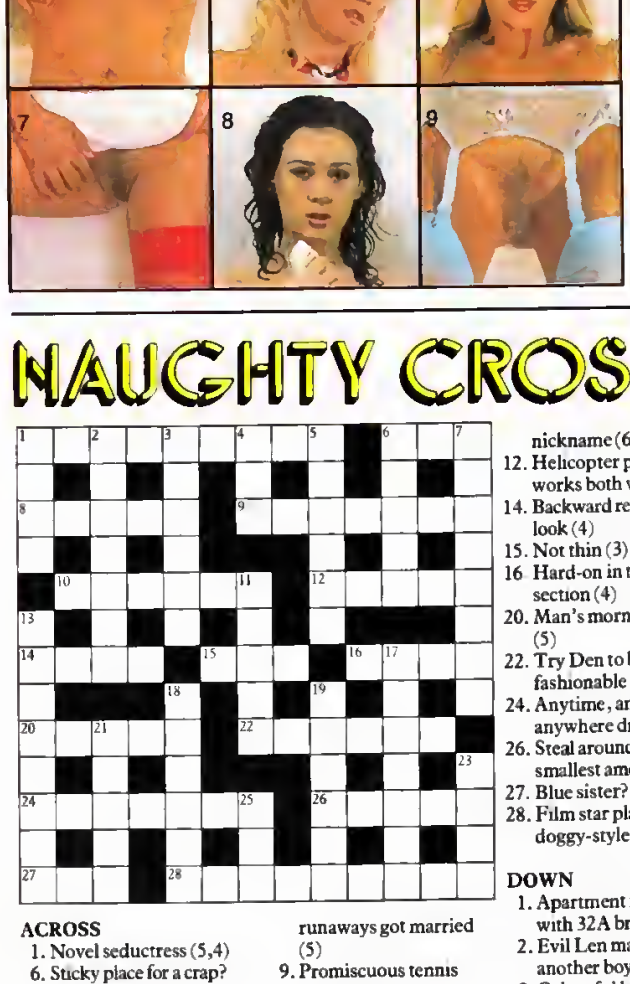
**Straight up, guv! We're paying a crisp rectangular brown 'un for each set of 2 pics showing your lady's charms without any fancy angles. Worm's eye view equals wallet boogaloo, it's as easy as that. Get your pics off to us now at MANHOLES, Razzle Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.**

# JIMMY'S RIDDLES

**NOW THEN, now then, stop that! The devil makes work for idle hands – and it's a shocking waste of tissue paper. Our resident mastermind Jimmy Riddle's new puzzle page will give you lots of good, clean fun. So, get your hands off those naughty bits and exercise your grey cells on Razzle's braintwisting teasers . . .**

## JIGSAW JOLLIES

Some gals just go to pieces when they appear in Razzle. Help them get it together again by matching up the numbered boxes to find three lovely examples of the fair sex.




## FOUR PLAY

Change Wind to Fart in four moves changing one letter at a time.

**WIND**

**FART**

## GET 'EM OUT

### INSATIABLE

Find as many words as you c in the above. They must be of least four letters, with plurals, foreign words or prope names.

Scores: 35–40 Fair; 40–45 Ver Good; 45–50 Brilliant; 50– Razzle Smartarse Award

## THE DIRTY DOZEN

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G | A | T | R | E | R | I | E | I | B | N | G |
| S | A | R | B | I | E | S | O | P | A | S | C |
| A | T | R | L | O | U | W | A | S | P | E | H |
| I | E | N | T | W | A | N | P | R | I | S | E |
| E | S | C | H | E | T | I | N | G | W | E | M |
| S | R | S | K | I | R | T | U | L | A | S | I |
| E | O | P | E | P | A | S | B | A | S | U | S |
| U | C | S | B | L | U | S | O | K | P | O | E |
| Q | A | N | E | I | R | E | G | N | I | L | O |
| S | S | T | C | H | E | M | S | I | E | B | G |
| A | T | O | S | T | H | G | I | T | G | A | R |
| B | E | I | T | H | G | I | N | R | R | O | C |

Find the following dozen words hidden in the grid. They may b vertical, horizontal or diagonal, backwards or forwards and ma overlap.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| LINGERIE | GARTERS | BLOUSE | CORSET |
| PANTIES | CHEMISE | WASPIE | SKIRT |
| NIGHTIE | TIGHTS | BASQUE | BRAS |

# NAUGHTY CROSSWORD



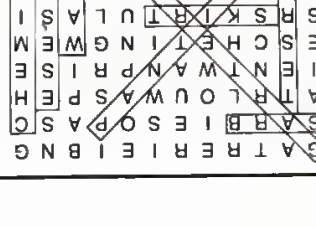
**ACROSS**

1. Novel seductress (5,4)
6. Sticky place for a crap? (3)
8. At which Gretna's runaways got married (5)
9. Promiscuous tennis score? (4,3)
10. Mary's drinking nickname (6)
12. Helicopter power works both ways (5)
14. Backward reel for dirty look (4)
15. Not thin (3)
16. Hard-on in the brass section (4)
20. Man's morning habit? (5)
22. Try Den to be fashionable (6)
24. Anytime, any place, anywhere drink (7)
26. Steal around the smallest amount (5)
27. Blue sister? (3)
28. Film star playing doggy-style (3,3,3)

**DOWN**

1. Apartment for a girl with 32A bra? (4)
2. Evil Len makes another boy (7)
3. Colourful kind of fever (6)
4. Not at all well (3)
5. What Paula Wilcox and Richard Beckinsale were on TV (6)
6. He sure captured a beauty (5)
7. Twisted long grid to make a marital token (4,4)
11. Bread goes up with this (5)
13. Was be guilty to indecent exposure in Tom Brown's Schooldays (g)
17. Windy Razzle character (3,4)
18. Get the measure of a woman's stockings (6)
19. Well-known bra makers get bi leer! (6)
21. Ron and Pa make kitchen wear (5)
23. Upside down nuts knock you out! (4)
25. Greavesie's Scottish mate (3)

## ANSWERS



**CROSSWORD.** Across: 1 Fanny Hill, 6 Bog, 8 Gretna, 9 Love All, 10 Bloody, 12 Rotor, 14 Leer, 15 Thin, 16 Horn, 20 Shave, 22 Trendy, 24 Anytime, Anywhere, 26 Crawl, 27 Nun, 28 Rim Tim Tim. **Down:** 1 Flat, 2 Lesbian, 3 Yellow, 4 Ill, 5 Lovers, 6 Beast, 7 Gold Digger, 11 Yeast, 13 Fisherman, 17 Old Farm, 18 Measure, 19 Berlei, 21 Apron, 23 Stun, 25 Sean

**Get 'Em Out:** Easel, aisle, able, isle, islet, east, oats, toasts, bats, beast, blue, bust, boat, blast, bile, best, bolt, blest, basil, bust, least, late, list, last, lest, tale, late, lust, lute, lent, lust, nest, neat, nail, nabs, nasal, nose, nest, sate, sale, slat, slit, slate, seat, stem, state, slab, sable, stable, stale, slant, tile, tail, tale, table.

**Four-Play:** Wind, wand, ward, wart, fart

**Jigsaw Jollies:** 5-2-7, 6-4-9, 1-8-3

# COUNTRY BUMPKIN!

Veronica is a tasty little snack and worth packing in your picnic hamper, ready for all those over-heated pit stops. There are no crusts, just plenty of generous fillings! Her basket is brimming over with a selection of fulfilment. You won't be mortified when Veronica's about, just nutritiously fortified!

Basically, she's a fun loving girl who enjoys the great outdoors when we're blessed with warm temps and sunny climes. The rural link and getting back to nature is very temptating these days. Although we think Veronica is one of Mother Nature's little miracles herself!

"I think everyone has a rampant animal desire tearing away inside at them," Veronica tells us. "All that fresh air, home cooking and hiking across the fields makes me very randy and it's bound to have those frisky old farmers kicking off their gum boots and loosening their braces!"

Well, Veronica is certainly one English rose who's blossomed out into full bloom with a healthy, insatiable appetite for a quick slapstick behind the haystack. She's not one to worry about the grass ticks tickling her arse — she's one to [illegible]

RAZZLE
DAZZLER

CONFESSIONS OF A MASTER'S WIFE

# MOVING IN -AND OUT

**After months of solicitors' phone calls and letters I was more than relieved to hear that I would be moving into my new house within a few days. I booked a week off work and made all the necessary arrangements, which included booking a removal firm, recommended by a girl in the office.**

The day arrived and I was feeling very flustered. Labelling boxes and hoovering up was exhausting. The removal men arrived promptly and I was impressed not only with their care and efficiency but with the amazing good looks and physique of one of them in particular, known as Baz. Their van was loaded up in minutes and I arranged to meet them at the new house with the key as it was some distance away.

I arrived minutes before them and they started unloading the van. All the living-room furniture was in place when an urgent phone call summoned John, Baz's mate, to the hospital as his wife had gone into labour. The hospital was some distance away and as the baby was his first, he left with great urgency. Baz said he would finish unloading the boxes and bedroom furniture himself.

He was humping and heaving wardrobes and beds for about an hour and I made him a cup of tea. He had difficulty getting the bed upstairs and had to remove the bannister. Once in place it made the bedroom look tiny, so we both tried to decide the best place for it. Baz seemed to think that if I lay on the bed I could tell him where I felt best in the room. This seemed a novel idea until the carpet became rucked up and Baz tripped over and landed next to me on the bed!

He had removed his shirt by this time, due to the heat generated by all the furniture shifting, and his tanned skin and evenly haired chest had my body rippling with excitement. He guessed my thoughts accurately and began stroking my breasts through my blouse. As he rolled on to me I could feel his cock beating against his jeans, pleading to escape. I unzipped him and his cock jumped free. He undid my blouse and holding one tit in each hand leant over and began to nibble and suck me. His movements were slow and very sensual.

One hand moved down on to my thigh and found its way up my skirt past my stockings and into my skimpy briefs. His fingers quickened as my cream started to flow. I couldn't resist his hard, stiff cock and I moved myself round to enable my mouth to engulf it wholly then moved my mouth up and down the length of it.

## Juicy Balls

There was a large mirror propped up against the door and I was watching his hand at work on my fanny whilst his juicy balls quivered and jerked. He rolled me on to my back and after carefully parting my throbbing vaginal lips he entered me slowly so I could feel each rib muscle as it passed deep into my welcoming hole.

He started to pump away moving one hand down over my trembling buttocks, started to tickle my clit skilfully whilst nibbling my earlobe. His cock was huge and when I started to come I moaned and groaned with pleasure letting him know just how good I felt. A few seconds later his warm sperm shot straight into me as I watched his quickening motions reflected in the mirror.

We romped around in the bed for hours and tried out more positions than we'd put the bed into! Later on when all the gear had been unloaded and he had left, I finished sorting things out. I decided that the position of the bed would be no problem. I left it where it was for happy memories and hopefully more good luck in the future!

Ruth, Wallington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CONFESSIONS OF A READER'S WIFE

# NEW THRILLS FROM AN OLD UNIFORM

**Ever since I discovered just recently that my boyfriend fucked me harder and better when I was dressed up, I've really beeo into wearing uniforms for sex — and not just witb my boyfriend, either.**

I've beeo going out with Alex for more than two years now. I'd call him an adequate rather than a spectacular performer in bed, or at least I would have done until some ex-classmates of mine organized a sixth-form reunion about a month ago. The idea was that we'd all turn up dressed in our old scbool uniform, wbich I thought would be great for a laugh (I later found out that wasn't *all* it would be great for).

On the night of the reunion, I got home early from work and laid out my gear. I'd borrowed a blazer and tie from my younger sister, who's just left the same school as I went to (I left four years ago when I was 18, by the way), and the black mini skirt I hadn't worn for years was just back from the dry cleaners. To complete the picture, I bad a freshly-ironed white shirt, black fishnets, suspenders and black stilettos. Not *exactly* how I used to dress to go to school, but I was well pleased with the finished results.

## Blatant Hard-ons

The reunion itself was rather boring, except for the fact that some of the girls and I had a good snigger at the blatant hard-ons of the blokes there when they saw all we nubile 21- and 22-year-old girls in our uniforms. Most of the girls had had the same idea as me, and had sexed-up their outfits.

Wben I got home about half-ten, Alex's car was parked outside my house. I wondered then if he would have the same reaction to seeing me in my uniform as the guys at the reunion had.

I walked into the living room and turned off the TV before be had a chance to acknowledge me. I stood in front of him and said: "What do you think, then?" lifting up my skirt (what there was of it) and exposing my tiny white panties to him.

"I think I'm going to come in my pants," he said, which was surprising, because it's not like him to say things like that. He stood up, belped me out of my blazer, and started kissing me, bis bands wandering all over my body. I could tell from his heavy breathing that be was really turned-on, whicb was also pretty unusual, because I normally have to seduce him for a good ten minutes to get him worked up. My hunch was confirmed wbeo I flicked my hand over his crotch — be bad a raging steamer.

Next thing I knew, he'd pulled me down on to the floor and sat me astride his face, grinding his teeth against my damp panties. His bands wandered inside my shirt and unclasped my front-fastening bra with a deftness of toucb be'd oever shown before.

I was starting to get worked up myself now, so I eased myself off him and pulled off his trousers and pants. The sigbt of his cock standing prouder than I'd ever seen it made my mouth water, so I started to gobble him. I soon stopped that, because he was on the verge of coming. I made to take my shirt and tie off, but be stopped me — be was insistent I should keep them on. "The only things I want you to take off are your panties," be gasped.

While I did that, he stood up and took off the rest of his clothes. He stood behind me, teasing my bare arse with his big, red knob end. I reacbed behind me and tickled his balls. It was then he admitted for the first time bow be felt about seeing sexy girls in uniform. "You don't know what it's doing to me to see you like this," he said. But he was wrong. I could see — and feel — *exactly* what it was doing to him.

I desperately wanted to feel that monster cock inside me, so I kneeled on the carpet and motioned him to take me doggy-fashion. He moved into position and I guided his prick right into my sopping cunt. I just had to squeal wben I felt its bigger-than-ever proportions inside me. There was no time to dwell on it, though, because he set about riding me at a furious pace. I was being bucked all over the place by the rapid thrustings of Alex, wbo seemed totally out of control.

## Hot Spunk

The violent fucking I was getting turned me on like never before, and I shouted out I was on the verge of coming. This seemed to be the last straw for Alex, whose hot spunk sbot into me just seconds after my own juices bad started to flow. I could feel our combined come running in torrents down my thighs as I threw my head back in the throes of a wonderful orgasm.

Like I say, my sex life has now improved by leaps and bounds (literally, sometimes). I don't even need to wear a uniform *every* time — just the thought of me wearing one makes Alex rampant. The schoolgirl outfit is a favourite, but my French maid's, nurse's and air hostess's uniforms also go down a treat.

I told one of the blokes at work about my dressing up for the reunion, and be admitted *he* bad a thing about girls in uniform. I couldo't resist trying it on with him (not the uniform, stupid!), so we arranged to meet in the stationery cupboard after work one night, so be could "see what I looked like" in my schoolgirl uniform. It went a bit further than that, of course, but you can probably guess the rest.

Angela, Loughborough

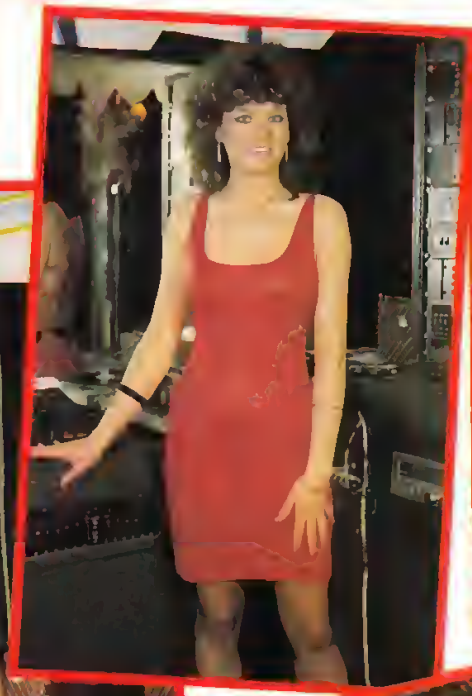
# DIONNE'S Pussy Talk

*She used to be your Pen Pal, now she just wants to whisper into your ear. Everything you dream she'd say and need if you were close at hand—and you are...*

"After romping around the great outdoors and atripping back to nature, the weather has finally beaten me back into the shelter of my bachelor-girl abode. After receiving a letter from Mike in Swindon, I know I need never be alone. Mike says he knows I'm the home-loving sort and Mike — you're absolutely right! You arrive with flowers and a bottle of my favourite champagne and I greet you looking very smart in my executive attire. My kitchen is very tiny so we start to get to know each other intimately. You pop the cork on the champagne bottle as I let my jacket slip casually to the floor. My dark, erect nipples are staring at you through my blouse, so I please you, Mike, by slowly undoing the buttons. My silky blouse floats to the ground and you start to massage my tits with loving attention. The champagne starts to flow and so do the love juices from my pussy as I ease my bum out of my trousers, skilfully so I can whet your eager appetite. I reach down to find a vase for the flowers and feel a large, warm weapon aiming at my buttocks. Shiny droplets of your juice trickle down my thigh and your fingers slip gently into the dark depths of my pubes before coming to rest inside me. Mike, I want to fuck you so badly, I feel so horny after drinking the champagne and watching your throbbing cock hovering magnetically towards my saturated pubes. You gradually tease open my pulsating cunt lips and set to work on my clit. I can't wait any longer so I reach out, grasping your tool with my hand, I guide you into me. Mike—you feel so good. I'm so wet you nearly slip out but I tighten and hold you in, the feeling is perfect. You pump faster and faster and bubbles of champagne go to my head as I moan loudly as orgasm after orgasm sweeps over me like a gushing wave sending me into a trembling frenzy. Your cock stiffens even more and starts jerking rapidly as you spurt your load at great speed inside me. Oh — Mike, it's heavenly! Let's finish off the champagne and start all over again . . ."

MEET THE WIFE

# PULLING MORE TH



Rita's a raunchy little number and always pulls in a few extra punters when she's behind the bar of her husband's trendy nightspot. It was a small family-run business until Rita married Gerrard and he expanded things. Gerrard tells us that Rita's the backbone of the whole club.

"She's made the club her whole life, employing staff, doing the catering as well as arranging promotion evenings. Of course, she always leaves enough time for us to spend together.

"The thought of all those punters fancying the misses is a real turn on when I have her myself!" Gerrard smiles, as he straightens his cravat.

We reckon that Rita's had more on the slate than a few unpaid bills! But when the refreshment served reaches the parts others can't, who can complain — certainly not Gerrard!

# N A PINT!

## JOIN THE PROFESSIONALS

We'll pay £100 for each set of pix of your favourite lady. Even if you ain't got a camera but think she deserves a spread in Razzle, just send a snap or Polaroid to the editor and if he fancies her, too, he'll send his own roving cameraman to take the pics for you. And you still get the £100. How's that for Razzle value?

## Star Qualities

Hitting it off with the ideal partner has a lot to do with your stars, says SORAYA MOON. If you're wondering about your chances with Miss X, Mrs Y or Mr Z, just send Soraya as many details as possible about the two of you and she will give you her opinion . . .

**I'M A SCORPIO** *lady and I've been married for 10 years to a Cancer man. For 6 years now we've had no sex in our marriage, but some months ago, on a trip abroad, I fell madly in love with an Aquarian man. The trouble is, he's rather religious and even though we tingle when we touch each other, I think he'd find marriage out of the question because I'm already a married woman. I feel very guilty as my husband and I do have common interests, especially sports. But the whole situation has been driving me crazy.*

IT'S NOT *surprising you're still with your spouse after six sexless years — your combination makes for a homely couple and if nothing else, you've probably enjoyed setting up your house and making it beautiful and comfortable together. You are both water signs and this gives you a mutual sensitivity. You have a certain understanding.*

*Scorpios are sometimes quite overpowering people and they like to command situations. You can be demanding — you'll expect to get what you ask for. But as yours is a strongly passionate sign, you must experience a great deal of frustration in your marriage. Your sensuality has to spill out somewhere.*

*Your Cancer man could be moody and easily hurt, and he's probably a steady traditional type — that's why he's loyal to your set-up, even though he must be driven to distraction too! He might also be shy and so find it difficult to branch out. Your common love of physical exercise might be holding you together, but it could well be something of a substitute for the most universally enjoyed sport of all. Your partnership probably has a powerful emotional basis which neither of you fully understand.*

*The Scorpio-Aquarius partnership on the other hand, doesn't look so good. It could be exciting for a short time, but airy Aquarius would probably find you too dominating for him in the long run. His apparent detachment could arouse terribly possessive feelings in you which could eventually tear the relationship apart. You'd make good friends, but as lovers the outlook is cloudy.*

*My advice is, don't be caught out with your knickers in a twist when the cloud bursts. If you don't want a sports injury, which could be very painful, tell him to keep the balls in his court when he offers you another match. That way you can't lose. Better luck next time.*

MEET THE WIFE

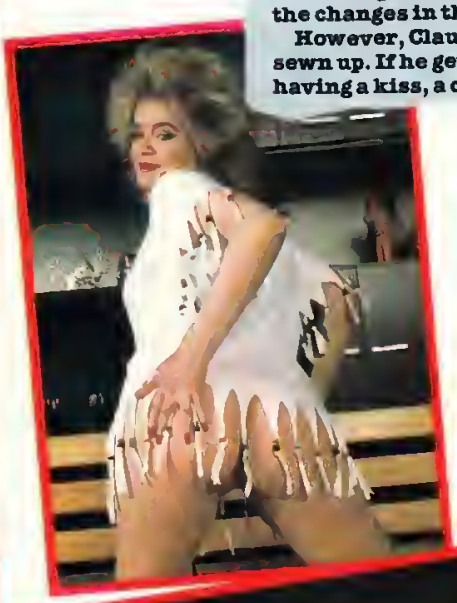
# ALL SEWN UP!

**Meet Claudette, a gorgeous northern lass from Blackburn in Lancashire. Ryan, her devoted hubby tells us they've been married for nearly three years and it's been fun all the way!**

**Claudette's hobby, apart from Ryan is designing and making all her own outfits. Although she's photographed here with little designing talent on, we think there's scope for an enthusiast to model their designs on her!**

**Ryan's a painter and decorator and he tells us that Claudette gets very jealous when he has to give quotes 'on the job' and his female clients call him late at night to discuss the changes in their wallpaper patterns, it can be quite distracting!**

**However, Claudette has Ryan's moves well-tacked and naughty rumours are quickly sewn up. If he gets the needle with her, she soon stitches him up, but they both end up having a kiss, a cuddle and . . . the curtains are quickly drawn!**



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**We'll pay £100 for each set of pix of your favourite lady. Even if you ain't got a camera but think she deserves a spread in Razzle, just send a snap or Polaroid to the editor and if he fancies her, too, he'll send his own roving cameraman to take the pics for you. And you still get the £100. How's that for Razzle value?**

# CHESTNUT CORNER

**Q: What's 80 pages of fun and hands out fivers for a laugh?**
**A: Razzle**
**That's right, readers – we're now giviog a crisp £5 note for every joke we publish. So tickle us with your funnies and laugh all the way to the off-licence. Send 'em to: Chestnut Corner, Razzle Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.**

★ Q: What is pink, lives in a hole and likes oral sex?
A: The tongue.

★ Q: What is the difference between a condom and a parachute?
A: When a parachute breaks a life is lost – and when a condom breaks a life is saved.

★ Q: What is the difference between a hole in the ground and your arsehole?
A: The hole in the grouod is empty, but your arsehole is full of shits.

★ Q: Why are the doctor, the dentist, the interior decorator, the coalman and the bank manager all indispensable to a woman?
A: The doctor says "Strip off!", the dentist says "Open wide", the interior decorator asks "Where would you like it when it's up?", the coalman asks "Where would you like it – back or front?" and the bank manager says "Don't take it out otherwise you'll lose interest!"
Chris, Kent

★ During prohibition in America a man walked into a bar in Arizona and ordered a whisky. "Sorry sir," replied the barman, "we serve no hard drinks." The man insisted on getting a drink and the barmao told him to try the chemists.

At the chemists the assistant apologised and told the man that he could only ever sell alcohol to someone who had been bitten by a soake. "Go and see Doc Smith – maybe he can help you out."

Half ao hour later the man returned to the chemist's shop with a furious look. "Did you find Doc Smith?" asked the assistant.

"Yeah, I found Doc Smith," said the man. "But it's no use – the goddamned soake's booked up for three months."

★ Q: What do policemen and eskimos have in common?
A: They both have blue helmets.

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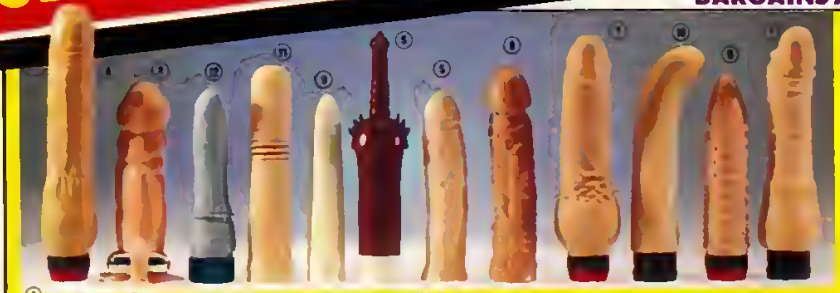
BARGAINS AT ROCKBOTTOM PRIC



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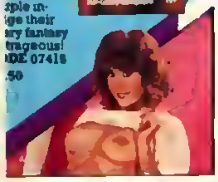

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# BALLS TOGETHER NOW!

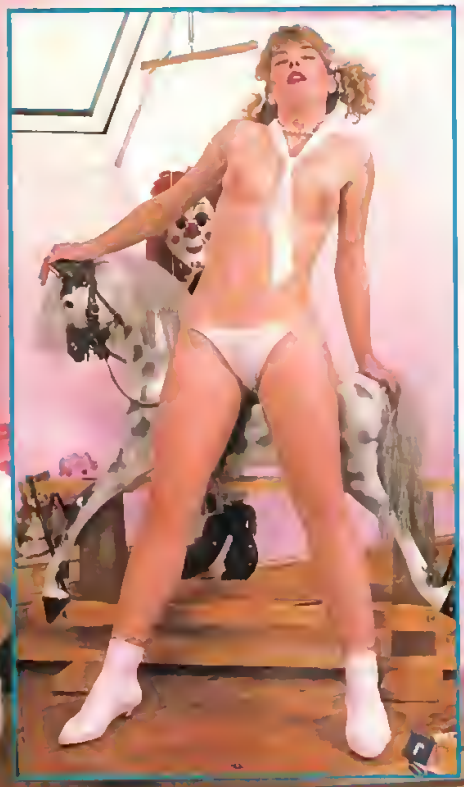
Corinne's the athletic type. The sort of girl who leaves you breathless on the dance floor, whimpering after several rounds of tennis and positively crying out for a little light relief after a vigorous bout of baseball.

Any plans to sweep Corinne into the direction of the bedroom and we strongly recommend a hefty life insurance policy to be secured. Her meaty thighs ripple with excitement when her team scores a home run. Her shapely breasts pout outwards as if to congratulate Corinne themselves!

"Fitness to me is the ultimate aim in life," she tells us. "Self discipline, assertiveness and a strong determination keeps my body looking this good."

However, we feel that Corinne is a bit of a tease, an 'all show no go' girl, but she disputed this suggestion emphatically and said she was *always* game for anything!

# CLOWNING AROUND!



Today we're going through the . . . arched window, and we find a nursery maid to measure! Her top is sure to have you spinning as she learns her alphabet — M-E-N, and starts erecting those building pricks!

Of all the toys in the nursery she prefers playing with her own little furry friend. This one never gets tucked away when Mummy tells her to tidy up! "I was always an early learner," says Lindsy. "Very much a quick starter where boys were concerned," she chuckles. "They used to chase me around the playground stealing my gob-stoppers, pulling my pig-tails and trying to see what colour knickers I was wearing!"

We think our readers will be too worn out after wanking over these pics of Lindsy to chase her anywhere, let alone the playground. "Life is just one big playground," says Lindsy, who now intends to turn the tables and start chasing the men!

# LITTLE TITTERS'

*A second honeymoon! Good grief, Derek, what are you, some kind of sadist?*

*That was great, Linda! I especially liked the bit where you scratched my back to shreds!*

*If my wife comes in, start typing*

*You like it? And all that fuss you make when I drop my stockings on the bedroom floor*

*Now that's a really cute little pulse rate you've got there . . .*

*Sometimes I feel you can't wait for me to leave the house in the mornings!*

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# LOLA D

# LAZY

When there is heat in the atmosphere, you will find me like this — without a bra and lying in a position to make my body turn an attractive caramel colour. Of course, when it is cold, I must bring out my furs again, which is fine because I enjoy both climates. I find also that men like to approach me in this defenceless posture. I am already half-naked in the sun, and many of them will kneel next to me, stroke my breasts and begin conversation.

I am happy for where this will lead. If it is very hot, I do not believe in exerting myself unduly. Rather than fucking, I would prefer a hand-job. Besides, as I have told you many times, I enjoy the sight of a man's spunk springing from his cock, especially when he has not had sex for some time. I notice that this increases the force with which he spunks. The first jet may be as much as three or four feet in the air.

It excites me to see this happen, and I will play with myself later when it is cooler, or when I am close to a shower.

Dear Lola,
The other day, I was sitting on a park bench when I saw a young girl nearby taking off all her clothes, revealing a bikini underneath. The weather was hot and the bikini was so small that most of her tits were visible (even from the side), half of her bum was out and the shape of her fanny was discernible, since she had high thighs.

As she moved from one position to another, I just got very excited and, without displaying an ounce of caution, put my hand down my

# OES IT!

trousers, underneath my underpants to feel my stiff penis. The girl seemed to take no notice of my obvious action, but I happen to know she was really watching. You can tell these things, even if you have no proof.

Since nobody was in the area at that time, I took my penis out of the trousers and began to wank, staring all the time at that lovely but oh-so-briefly-clad body of hers. It was more than I could bear and, within seconds, I squirted spunk all over myself. She just gave a smile.

I've never done anything like that before. Who was wrong? This is what I want to know. Women must know that their bodies excite men. Do they have the right to provoke us publicly in this fashion? I wish I could show you how brief that bikini was, Lola. In point of fact, female swimmers on television with their cutaway or see-through costumes never fail to get me wanking.

I think women are becoming disgraceful. Please tell me if I am right or wrong. To buy a sex magazine for the purposes of having a wank is one thing, but to have women forced on me is quite another. Don't you agree?

L.H., London

*No, I don't, L.H. I do not agree with your theories because women do not* **force** *you to do anything in that situation. That girl you saw in the park has every right to sunbathe in a skimpy costume and, by definition, this is not an invitation to fuck her. She did not expose her genitals, you exposed yours. In doing so, you risked being arrested for indecent exposure. Legally speaking, you are fortunate that she did not object to your actions to the extent of summoning a policeman.*

*Desire is one thing, L.H. To some extent, we all feel desire for other people's bodies. What is important is how we express it, and in what context we express it. What your letter is really about is* **not** *how provocative women are, or whether they are entitled to be so, but how little control you seem to have over your own sexual actions.*

*If the sight of a woman in a swimsuit (regardless of how revealing it is) produces a completely uncontrollable desire in you to wank, either in front of the television or, more alarmingly, in a public park, then you must take steps to avoid such confrontations until you have learned to keep your desires private. It is not wrong to feel desire under these circumstances, but it can be considered offensive (and therefore an offence) to act upon it.*

*Women are* **not** *disgraceful at all, and certainly in the situation you have described to me, the young girl actually did nothing to encourage you. You say you* **knew** *she was watching you and that she smiled when you climaxed. Even if these things are true (and I'm not disputing them with you), they are only* **passive** *reactions. If she had come over and taken your cock in her hand, then it would have been a different matter. Keep your desires under control, that is my advice.*

**Dear Lola,**

I am 23 years old and I find I have a serious problem. I say 'serious' because no one else seems to feel the same way that I do. I know you may be sick of people writing to you about foot fetishism, but I am one of these.

My problem started some years ago, about the time I began wanking. You see I am very much turned on by bare feet, yet every time I masturbate, I am left feeling very frustrated because I have nothing to connect with them. I like Razzle and yet there are hardly any pictures of ladies showing off their plates. Why can't you have close-ups of feet when it would brighten up the miserable lives us feet worshippers have to live out?

I have only had one sexual experience and this was as a result of an afternoon when my sister, her friend and myself went out in a car to visit my parents' caravan in the country. It was raining at the time, so we decided to play strip poker. My sister, however, got a phone call from her boyfriend and she had to leave. This meant that Carol and I were alone.

Pretty soon, I was down to my underpants, while Carol was still fully clothed, which just shows you she knew a thing or two about poker. At one point, she lost a hand and had to take something off. She asked me to choose the item, which was her stockings, of course. She peeled them off quickly, revealing her gorgeous bare feet, which she then placed on the table in front of me. I could smell their fabulous odour and, by now, I was very excited below.

She glanced under the table and saw my cock pulsating with lust, so she decided to play with it, pulling off my pants expertly with her toes. Most of that day was spent in the double bed there, but for the next week, I had a fantastic time with her feet in my mouth, licking her soles and in-between the toes, sucking them off one by one.

Now, every time I wank, I think of nothing more than this memory. However, to spice it up a little, I use an odd technique. I strip down from the waist, including my shoes and socks, and begin to lick my own feet. Then when I'm truly excited, I place my prick against the soles and rub it along their length. When I'm ready to come, I rub it on my toes.

I do not have a girlfriend at the present time, but what I like to do is wait for the summer to arrive so that the girls are sunbathing on the beach. I stare at their naked feet. What I want to know, though, is if you think my wanking technique is a good idea, and whether you believe something is wrong with me for having such a craving for feet.

David, Sunderland

*David, if you have read my column with any regularity, then you must already know the answer to one of your questions. I do not believe there is* **anything** *wrong with someone who experiences erotic feelings as a result of seeing, touching or smelling feet. If I thought there was, I would have to say the same about people who are fixated by breasts, bottoms, legs, thighs, hands, necks or any other part of the body, wouldn't I?*

*Fetishism is not a crime in itself, therefore it should not be a problem. Your problem, as I understand it, is that you lack, at present, another person with whom to share this interest in feet. Now I am aware that some girls, once you have declared your interest, show varying degrees of repulsion, rejection or contempt for what you ask them to do. This does not mean what you feel is wrong, only that it is not something* **they** *wish to do. The trouble with people generally is that, if they do not like something, they seek to impose that feeling upon others, making them feel bad in the process.*

*Let me say, David, that there are people out there who would willingly join in your bare-feet games. Carol did so in the caravan, did she not? There will be others. You must not lose patience or faith that this will happen. As for your wanking technique, I will say this. It is certainly unusual, but if it achieves the pleasure you are seeking (contortions and all) then you are to be congratulated. Personally, I think it is ingenious.*

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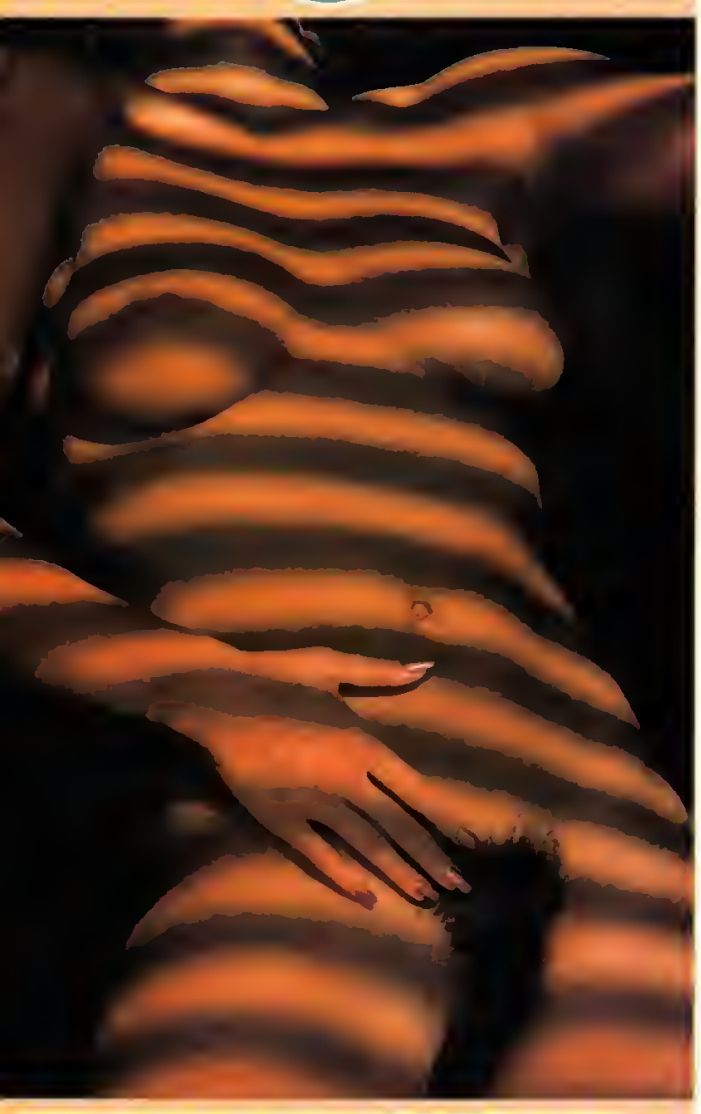

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WHIPLASH

I think mother is worried that your soup's getting cold, Pam . . .

*Continued from page 35*

open along the middle buttons, and she's even been known to go knickerless. Sometimes, when she's been really randy, she's sat in a minuscule bra, panties (optional), suspenders and stockings for mile after mile, raising more than the truckers' blood pressure and guaranteeing a good fucking when we get home.

So give it a go, girls. And maybe, just like my wife, you'll find it as much a turn-on as we truckers.

A.H., Northants

*How could you refuse a chap so well articulated, ladies?* — Ed

## Dominant Duchess

I suppose, in a manner of speaking, I've made indiscriminate fucking a bit of a hobby. The only common denominator is a slim body — I've never been one for the rolling, big-titted kind of lady.

I pick up my girls wherever the opportunity presents itself — usually a pub or a wine bar — then you get them young and willing. You'd be surprised just how many girls who say 'no' end up saying 'yes' after a few drinks and some sweet bullshit about how very much you 'love their minds'.

Anyway, I was recently down the pub after work, when I was introduced to this posh little duchess with red hair and knockers you could have concussed a bloke with. A friend introduced us, and we got talking.

I figured she wasn't exactly my type — too smart by a long way — but she had the kind of mouth you want to rub cum in. Jesus! The more she talked, the more I just wanted to lift that tight black skirt and ram my cock into that luscious fanny I knew she was hiding under her oh-so-proper demeanour.

Well, after a good five-hour stint of drinking, I felt ready to explode all over her. Her thick nipples were stretching the thin material of her shirt, and she kept crossing and uncrossing her legs.

Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, so I said: "Fancy coming round to my place?"

She started laughing at me, and it was then that I just felt like grabbing her arse and giving her one up the rear.

"Nu — huh," she's smiling now. "YOU come home with ME."

No sooner said than done, and I was standing in her dark, weird bedroom in Chelsea. She suddenly moved behind me, and I felt a blindfold being put around my head. I started to complain, but she laid me on the floor and stripped off my clothes.

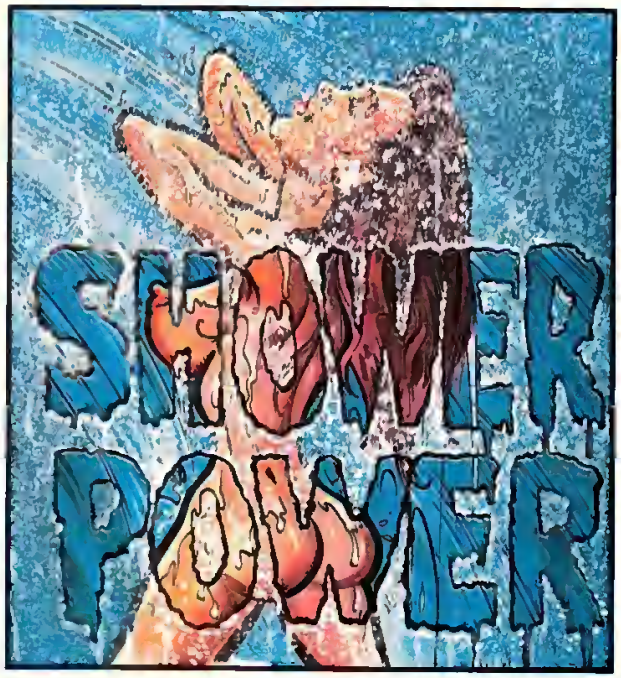
My cock was just about to burst; I was terrified and completely blown out at the same time. She then proceeded to suck me, fuck me, scratch me, bite me *and* jam her fingers up my arse. But she wouldn't let me come!

When my cock finally started spitting cum, she bit my thigh so hard it bled!

After she'd finished, she put me in a cab, pressed a fiver into my hand, and thanked me. I tried to get her phone number, but she just laughed, and said: "Darling, it's your mind I loved, not your body!"

Ben, London

*Should teach you to mess with the peerage, Ben!* — Ed

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**This month's tingling tinkerer is Erica, seen here letting the powerful jets explore her spongy depths, and flick like an eager tongue from sudsy breast to breast! Plastic ducks are old hat these days. Manipulative men are all the rage. Do you have the power to satisfy in the shower or bonk blissfully in the bath!?**

# FLAT MATES

## Cindy Trish

**Sometimes girls hove to live tagether, dan't they? Before they get men of their own, or enaugh cash to go solo, thot is. Sa there's this cute little apartment in South London that twa girls move into, and the walls talk . . .**

Hi! I'm Cindy and I'm ganna be telling yau what fun flat-dwelling can be. I'll start by letting you know that my mates, like myself, are anything but flat!

Having your awn ploce can be really good fun, and it's certainly a laugh a minute naw that Trish, my new flatmate has just maved in. She's already been caught starkers an the staircase by the landlord ond what with her being generously endawed, he's generously reduced the rent! The anly canditian being we re-decarote the flat.

Being temporarily out af work, the finances are pretty thin so we decided ta save money and get ta wark an the jab aurselves. Trish flicked through her little red book and proudly annaunced that ane af her ex's had dabbled in interior design, so she phaned him up and sweet-talked him inta delivering the goods. It wasn't until he arrived early one Sunday marning that I realised there was life after o Saturday night. Trish decided she na longer fancied his manly charms, atherwise I'm sure she cauld have seduced him into doing the whale job. (Later an she divulged that his sex was like his work — always left unfinished!)

Our clean brushes were ready ta tackle anything, and after reolising the point pots all contained calaurs that were as dated as Gary's Glitter, we opted far the nauveau-psychedelic ap-peall I think Trish and I appealed more aurselves when the post-man, laaking very flustered, kept adjusting his sack! Trish's mum had sent her a pat af clatted cream fram Devan and he cauldn't get it through the letter-box, poor sad.

Trish's mum is an interfering ald dragan, wha fartunately lives a gaod forty miles away. She's the butch, rurol type wha takes a cheap day return ta come and visit us. Usually bringing her Pekinese alang in her checked trolley on wheels and donning her 'Margo' style headscarf. She thinks her country bumpkin af a daughter has been severely disturbed with — as her mather quotes — a young brozen hussy like myself!

Since then, we ga out af our way to make sure that the living-room has been evenly scattered with suspenders and odd stacking legs. Last time her mather came ta stay, I droped my peep-hale bra right aver the telly screen. Her mather watched the whale af Corona-tian Street without uttering a word. Trish and I reckan she couldn't wark out what it was, or more to the point, what it did so she just kept quiet! The twa af us had ta take it in turns releasing aur giggles in the kitchen.

It's all girls together really at the flat, a sart af special band that men living and sharing together never achieve. When the guy upstairs accused us af being lesbians and demanded a rent rebate,

we decided to show him a thing or two. He looks perverted and everyone else in the block reckons he reads Molester's Monthly, neatly tucked inside his copy of the Angler's Weekly. We both know his enthusiasms seem to start on his knees — usually outside our door and through the keyhole. One day when I sensed his presence, I squirted a Jif lemon through the keyhole. He never let on why he was wearing sunglasses for a week in the middle of January!

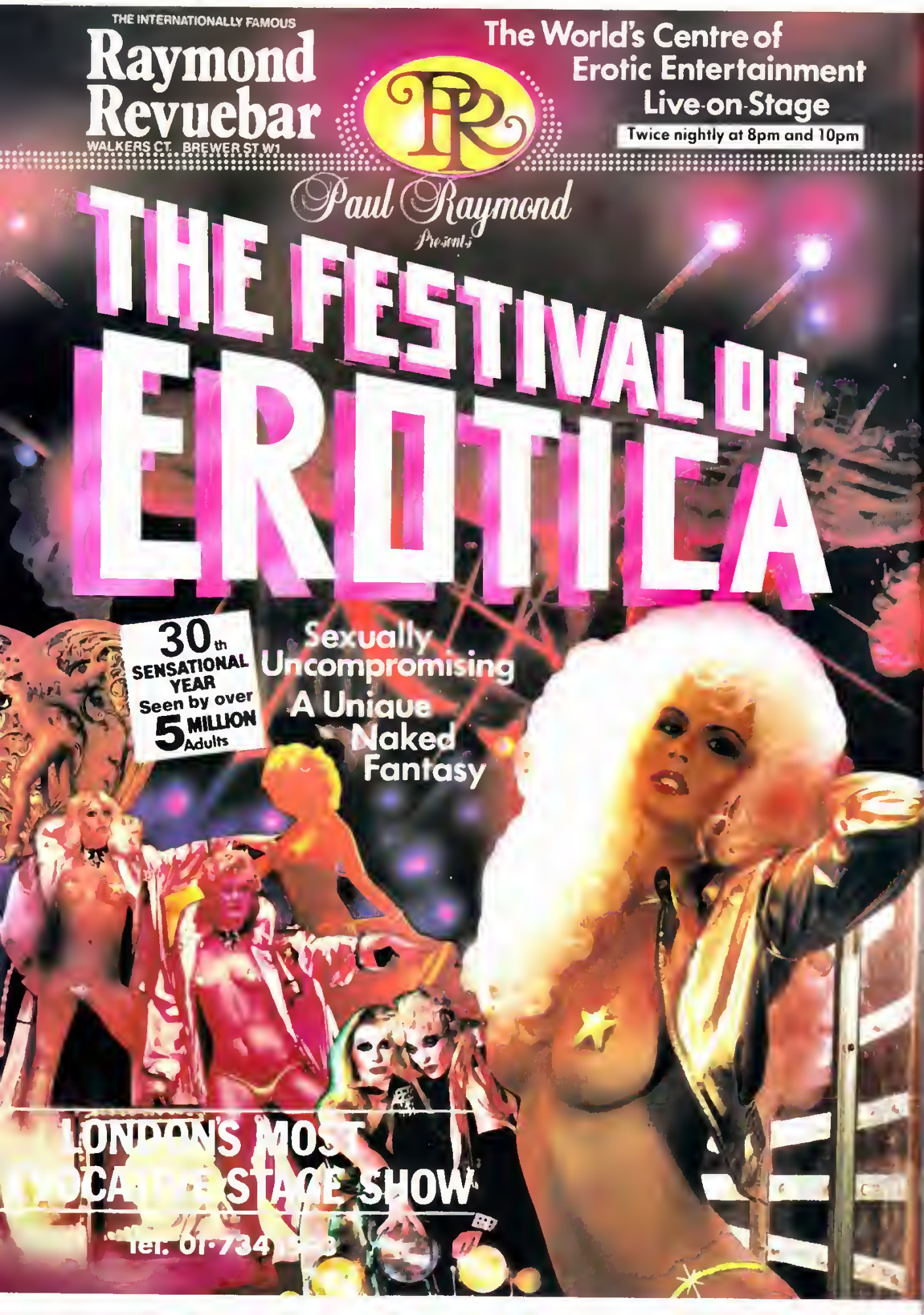
We've got to do the flat up anyway because we had a bit of a knees-up — well, everything up really! It was a celebration party when Trish moved in, combined with my birthday. Trish knows stacks of people in the modelling world so the flat was bulging. I bought so much baoze on my credit card that I had to bring the bloody trolley all the way back to the flat fram the supermarket. Got some funny looks along the High Road. It's not easy negotiating a trolley in stilettos, especially when your knicker-elastic goes. Of course, I picked a wobbly wheeler that kept shooting down people's pathways. Mind you, I recommend it as the fostest and most spantaneous way of meeting the locals! Whether they'll acknowledge me again I very much doubt.

Trish's mother did the catering and no lie, we couldn't even tell what the stuff was. Luckily she's snobbish enough to use those flags on the sarnies saying what's in the filling so we knew what to avoid there. (Don't let on but we sold all the left-overs in bulk for a fiver to the landlord for his cat!) All the guests really enjoyed themselves, they really let their hair down. We know that for sure 'cos there's a colourful mixture of stains on the bedroom ceiling! Three mattress springs have taken leave and sprung out of my bed and the balcony dwelling gnome has acquired a smug grin on his face!

A week after the party we found a bra under the sofo, padded out with socks and cotton wool. Under a nearby cushion we came across a large pair of dentures. The owner of the bra was lucky she hadn't got any boobs anyway. By the size of the dentures, she'd never have been left with much to boast about!

The landlord has been on our backs ever since the party. Well — he's tried to get us into that position! We told him our party was fancy dress and by 11.30 it was no dress at all! He arrived late after visiting an ailing aunt, sporting a voluminous pair of spotty trousers, braces and a large red nose. Luckily he'd plastered on a lot of white clown's make-up along with a large teardrop, and this concealed his fuming rage fractionally!

Anyway, got to crack on with the decorating. I've got a new date tonight and it'll toke hours to pick the paint out of me bristles in the bath!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# HOME STRIP

My name's Judy, and although you won't believe it anyway, I want to point out that really I'm very shy about taking my clothes off in front of anyone. I don't mind so much doing it on paper, for the benefit of a few thousand randy blokes, because I don't have to feel embarrassed by their stares, but undressing in front of a real person, male or female, makes me very jittery indeed.

All this makes me sound like some prudish spinster, I suppose, and there's probably a few of you thinking: "All she needs is a good shafting to cure her of that." Well, it's not as if I've gone short of sex, although I'm not promiscuous by any means. Two or three blokes in the past five years has been the limit of my experience and — yes, you guessed — none of them saw me full frontal with the lights on, they all had to make do with feeling their way around my body in the gloom.

But I'm not shy when the lights are down, in fact they say I'm a randy little bitch when I get steamed up. However, I've agreed to pose for these pics because I do get turned on by undressing for myself and thinking dirty thoughts as I do it. Well what about the photographer you ask? Well, it wasn't too awful with him as he seemed more concerned with his lenses and his lighting than looking at me as a naked woman. To him I was just a body and a reference number on an invoice.

## Loosely Dressed

So, I'm going to leave out the stories of my experiences with my lovers — to me they're very private and exclusively mine and mine alone. What I want to tell you about here is the way I feel when I'm undressing.

Privacy's important to me. I've spent too much time in communal showers at school and in noisy changing rooms at swimming baths and, until a couple of years ago, living in a house full of bedsitters with a shared bathroom. The lock was a bit wonky and people were always bursting in and catching you unawares. You couldn't relax and luxuriate in the bath. Some of the bursting in was far from accidental, if you ask me, and I was glad to see the back of all that.

The most precious thing about the flat I've got now, which I begged, stole and borrowed to be able to afford, is the complete privacy of it all, the freedom to walk around as loosely dressed as I like, fully naked even, to dash dripping from a hot bath to sit steaming in front of the fire, the water dripping off my breasts and hair.

Bathtime — that's the best time. After a hard day at work I arrive home, teasing myself to distraction with the thought of that lovely bath waiting for me. But like all the best pleasures in life, the longer you make yourself wait, the greater the joy and the satisfaction.

## Sensual Feeling

Turning on the taps, slowly, so that it takes a long time to fill, I walk back from the bathroom, unbuttoning my blouse and letting it drop to the carpet, passing the mirror in my bedroom and pausing to admire my figure.

Already I'm beginning to get that sensual feeling again. I lie down on my bed for a while, to pass the quarter of an hour or so it'll take for the bath to fill. Whenever I'm on my back, I remember the good times I've had in that position. It feels such a natural place for a woman to be, submissive, waiting

for love. Without even thinking of it consciously I part my legs slightly as if in response to some imaginary lover, arching my back in invitation. In the absence of a real stiff cock, my hand strays to the warmth of my thighs, a finger slipping across my Mound of Venus, down through the soft curls of hair and into the moistening crack. Sometimes I've even muttered to myself, exchanging the finger for a prick in my mind and whispering: "Ooh, that feels so good, Tony" or whimpering in the way I do when I'm with a man.

## Rubbing My Nipples

I suppose the down-to-earth amongst you would just call it a horny little bitch frigging herself — but I don't really think of it like that at all. If anyone accused me of masturbating I'd be horrified — it doesn't seem like me at all. Still, the finger is slipping in and out quite rhythmically now and although it's not as hard and fat as the few cocks I've had it's still doing wonders for me, like I've got a whole squadron of butterflies in my tummy. With the other hand I'm rubbing my nipples. They get stiff very easily and having them sucked is one sure-fire way of making me abandon my self-control.

And all of a sudden I'm there, shaking like mad, my thighs banging together, my knees rising up from the bed as I squeeze three, four, even five separate waves of pleasure out of my fanny, sending them rippling up through my tummy and causing a pink flush across my quivering tits.

It takes me a while to calm down then, but now it's time for my bath and another dose of sensuality. So I suppose for a shy sort I don't have such a boring time of it, do I?

Judy, Manchester

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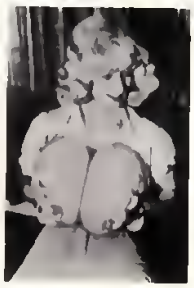

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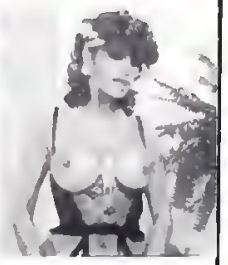

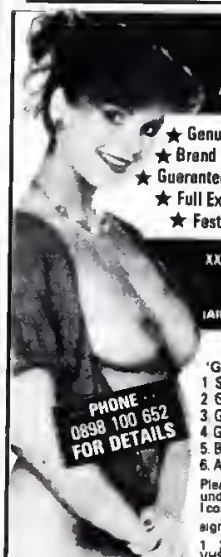

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# AUSSIE ON HEAT!

Ceri is e sultry Australian chick, who was pouting both sets of lips relentlessly when our photographers arrived. An outgoing Aussie indeed and one with much to be discovered down under in the lush undergrowths of her bush!

We asked Ceri if the high temperetures over there and climatic humidity debilitated her sexual pleasure in eny way. But she assured us that unlike her London flat, everything is air-conditioned and well-ventilated. She also has a very handy 'Men at Work' sign!

"I think that sexual desires are more apperent, more of the time in hot countries," Ceri tells us. "There are so many tits bouncing themselves out of blouses and arses trying to poke themselves through skimpy shorts that people get hot under the collar anyway!

"The heat does get to me now and then but I have lots of special ways to cool myself down!" she admits. "I like to have a cold nipple-tingling shower before I rub myself gently all over. Sex is just the best pastime ever invented," she grins.

And from a girl who used to live near the Sydney Opere House, could go scuba-diving around the Barrier Reef and sunbathe on Chrstmas Day, we just can't go elong with any other suggestion.

# PEEPING TOMES SILKY SCREENS

## *One Girl's Guide To Good Voyeurism by Gloria Grahame*

Armchairs aren't dull, by any means. There's a lot you can do in them. Reading about sex is just one of them. Every month, I have a pile of books carrying a little steam inside them, then I slip a few hot tapes into the breach and observe my reactions. In other words, I'm your fine arts hostess and one way or another, I'm here to make your eyeballs swivel, if I can.

Of the current books I have on the table, I believe I'll begin with the strange story of Sydney Biddle Barrows, a very preppy lady from New York who, following unwelcome attention from police and press for running an up-market escort agency, acquired the "Queen of Credit-card Sex" tag. She caught another moniker along the way which provides the title of her story, **Mayflower Madam** (*Futura – £2.95*), and it's certainly a weird one.

### Selling Sex

Sydney's the sort of dame that wouldn't look out of place in an antique perfume commercial. Those who wish to call her an American Cynthia Payne are only making a lazy sexual reference, since poached eggs and bondage are simply not her style. Her language alone is prim to the point of inarticulation. To her there are "acts of oral gratification" and, in one memorable instance, she describes one girl wanking with various dildos as "causing an amazing range of inanimate objects to disappear into some highly personal hiding places." She was also purely *management*, you understand. All that top-class business training she had led her to believe that selling sex in this way was no different from selling handbags. And it probably isn't.

The same could not be said of **Laure-Anne Encore** (*Star – £2.95*), although basically they share a trade. In the previous erotic volume, we left Laure-Ann (a wild French girl with a boggling sex drive) happy-ever-after with Gerard, having sampled all sorts of preliminary goods. Well, sad to say, during the course of devouring the first page, we learn of Gerard's death by means of an anarchist's bomb. However, our impulsive heroine is no mourner. She's "creamy-kissy" by nature, and gives delight to men by vocation. The writing is conventionally arousing, I suppose, although Laure-Anne is apt to climax in such a tumultuous fashion as to be constantly tearing the carpet like a mad thing and breaking a few fingernails.

On occasion, though, passion can be a real killer. This is the lesson to be learned from Anne Fine's first novel, **The Killjoy** (*Black Swan – £3.95*), in which a badly disfigured professor at a Scottish university tumbles pathetically into a heavy sex scene with one of his flirtatious students, Alicia Davie. While fucking, she only has to look at his scars to come with reasonable violence. The driving insistence behind this acid but painfully truthful (no detail escapes mention or analysis) male monologue is given weight by its slow drift towards sado-masochism. Ropes and chains fall into the picture and, as she gets hotter, he gets cooler. Call it breaking and entering, because that's what it is.

They'll tell you on the cover of **Dancing Bear** (*Penguin – £2.50*) that, as a thriller, it's 'scorching-hot' which, nevertheless, does not mean that your fingers will suffer any as you turn the pages. The fact is, this is a typical post-Vietnam narrative showing signs of paranoia, casual sex, expensive drugs and a very well-stacked arsenal. The detective has a name I certainly wouldn't be prepared to pronounce after two or three glasses of wine, so I'll call him Milo, as everyone else does. He's got five ex-wives and oscillates between cocaine and peppermint schnapps.

He's not much of an investigator as it turns out, but he can fuck. He'll do that on kitchen floors (without foreplay of any kind), invite a female back for elk steaks with home fries if she's got any sweet hollows, or pursue suspects with good body shapes into the shower to check if they're wired for sound. As for me, I'm still looking for my first low-down proposal, and I don't give up either.

Soft is an adjective that's marvellous if it's applied to, say, skin or lighting, and lousy if it attaches itself to cocks or sex videos. But you must remember this, as you plant your buttocks down on a firm surface to watch sixty or seventy minutes of poorly-edited filth: there are people in this country who are of the opinion that what you do in private is no longer sacrosanct. Thus, what I watch on my Ferguson is pale by comparison with what I saw four years ago. Swing with the times, eh? Sure, if you can find the momentum from somewhere.

Anyhow, for what it's worth, I had a double bill to wrestle with, both supported by titles that will confuse nobody as to their content. The first of these was called **Sex Sleuth** (*Cassex, Late Night Video*), which makes a nice change from 'Private Dick' However, before I could get even remotely embroiled in the plot, I had to wade through an extended trailer for a forthcoming film from this label, entitled **Felicity**, which is about a girl growing up horny. Now this sneak preview is so extended, that several times I got the impression the tape I had in the breach was not **Sex Sleuth** at all. Not that I mind, of course. I did feel as if I'd almost seen the whole film, though.

### Third leg

Eventually, Felicity's highly audible sex education surrendered to the main feature which began with some gentle elevator music to add suspense to a rather farcical Gestapo-style burglary by two raincoat types. Their intended victim, a totally unfrightened blonde (in fact, you get the impression she's expecting them) in a courageous negligee, is rescued in the nick of time by a gone-to-seed Bogart character who may or may not be escaping from a Dick Tracy cartoon strip. Out of sheer gratitude, she fucks him — only he wakes up in his office half-way. That's right, it's a dream.

The name of this sleuth is Bob Lane, although he's definitely more third leg than Third Man. However, his secretary makes herself available to him before telling him to meet the mysterious woman who wants another woman tailed . . . Stop me if you've heard this before. "I'm no longer reserved," says this lady, who turns out to be a spurned wife, "and when your ass doesn't get enough head, it goes to your head. I need my head, and my head needs head." When a woman talks like that, it doesn't come as any surprise to me that she doesn't get any.

### Two Dykes

Following closely on the heels of this limp spoof (with one interesting lesbian sequence involving mud and garden hoses), I slipped in its stablemate, a dubbed version of something called **White Hot** (*Cassex, Late Night Video*), which nevertheless won't snap any thermometers. Two dykes are on a chalet bed waiting for a guy named Hugo, who (according to one of them) fucks like a Greek god. The thought of this lubricates their honey-pots to the extent that they jump on each other for a moaning quickie. The soundtrack is pretty insistent here.

All told, it's one of those all-in-the-family sagas where the husband has a piece on the side, the wife has an outdoor boyfriend and the daughter picks up anything they've missed, including an apple thief who's running away from a farmer wielding a pitchfork. It's all a shade on the coy side and, as our sleuth from the previous flick would say, "the whole thing would fit inside an asshole with room to spare."

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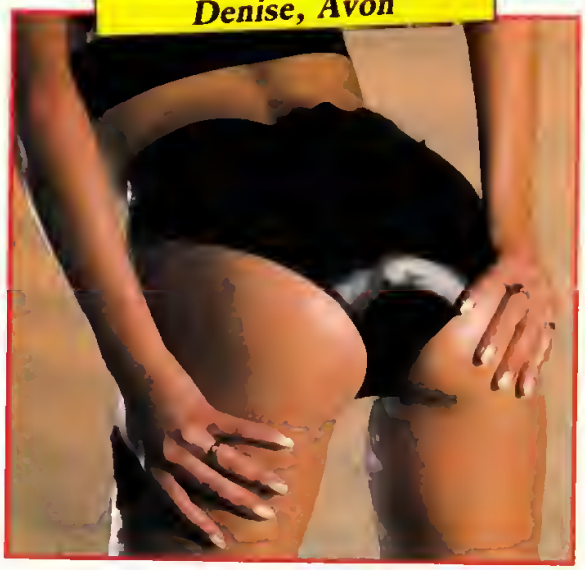
# BEST Bits

Denise, Avon



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